

The Sketch

No. 1062.—Vol. LXXXII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1913.

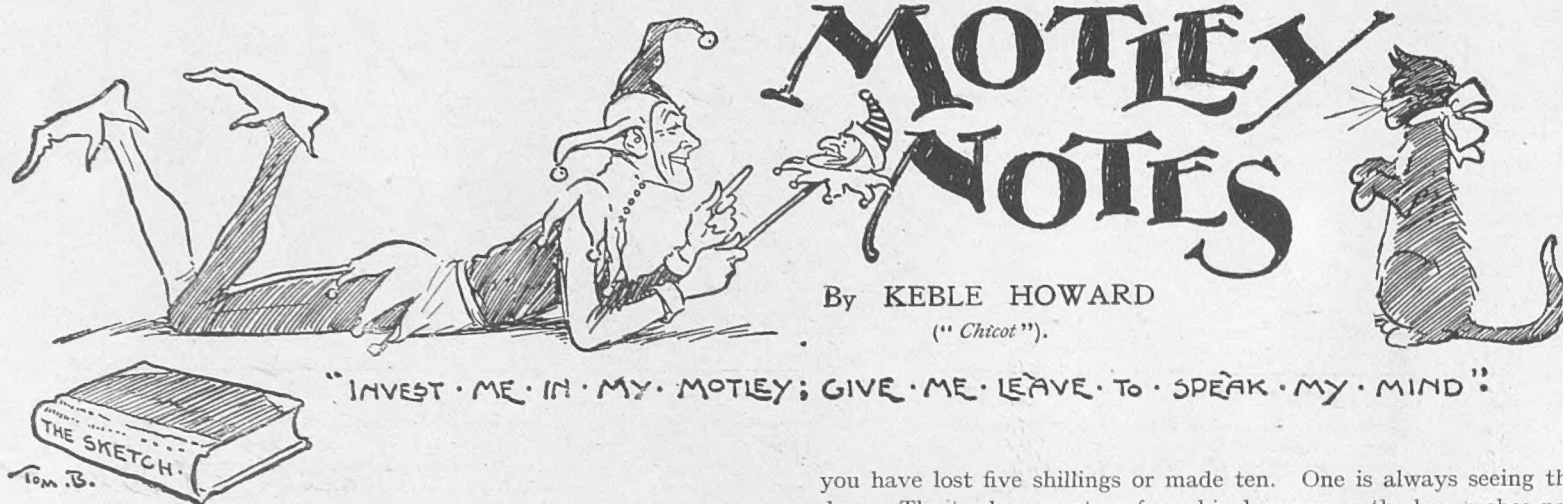
SIXPENCE.



THE CHIEF OF THE QUERY GIRLS: MISS IDA CRISPI SINGING "PARISIENNE," IN "ALL THE WINNERS,"
THE EMPIRE'S REVUE.

In the course of the revue, Miss Crispi appears in several rôles, always with distinction.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



Derby Day!

(No, friend the reader. I am not reclining on Epsom Downs, notebook in hand, eagerly recording my impressions of the equine boat-race. (One becomes a little weary of the "aquatic Derby.") Illustrated papers, as you are probably aware, are not "put to bed" at one o'clock in the morning and handed out in thousands, steaming hot, a couple of hours later. They need more careful treatment than that. Each sheet must be lovingly tended, slowly dried, neatly folded. As a matter of fact, therefore, although I have written "Derby Day!" in that ecstatic manner, we are still a week from Derby Day. But one trains oneself to look ahead, and I know that, by the time these lines are in your hands, you will be thinking of Derby Day, and the favourite, and what you will have for lunch, and other thrilling, idyllic matters of that sort. Steadily thrusting aside, then, my own inclination to write about London in the heat-wave, I endeavour to catch your mood of a week hence. With this little explanation, to it once again).

Derby Day!

I have only been to the Derby once in my life, and that was an accident. I happened to be cycling in the neighbourhood of Epsom, and suddenly found myself at Tattenham Corner. I was hailed by somebody in a motor-car, plied with food and drink, and then some horses went by in a prodigious hurry.

"Was that the Derby?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

And then I cycled home again.

Tale of a Sweepstake.

But don't be misled into thinking that I wish to affect scorn of horse-racing and all that it implies. I have the greatest admiration for people who thoroughly understand that sort of thing, and can back horses "for a place" or "both ways." I have never done it in my life, nor should I know in the least how to set about it. "Backing for a place" seems fairly simple, but "backing both ways" is a puzzling business. Why, I often ask myself, back a horse to lose? Or does it mean, perhaps, that you back the splendid fellow up the course and down the course? I don't know, and yet these phrases fall glibly from the lips of people who, in all other respects, seem quite ordinary, and whose intelligences you would not be inclined to rate above the average.

I know how to enter for a sweepstake. I have often done that, but only once have I won. That, too, was an accident. The gentleman who wrote out the names of the horses and placed them in the hat was so excited that he forgot to include the favourite. (I don't like to think that he had the favourite up his sleeve, and that it would not come down at the right moment.) I drew "The Field," and this, of course, in the absence of the favourite, included the favourite. The favourite won, whereupon much clamour and piteous outcry from the gentleman who placed the names in the hat. I put the matter to the vote, and the piteous one was hugely outvoted. And that is the only occasion upon which I ever got a penny, directly or indirectly, without working for it. It wasn't a large sum.

The Small Gamble.

Even if I knew how to back horses, I scarcely think that I should fall a victim to the amusement. The small gamble seems to me a waste of time and nervous tissue. I can understand the fun of making money on the Stock Exchange, or the fun of running a theatre or a newspaper, but I cannot understand that feverish buying up of halfpenny evening papers to see, at a glance, whether

you have lost five shillings or made ten. One is always seeing this done. The tradesman steps from his doorway as the boy rushes past with the evening paper. He gives the boy a halfpenny, stands still in the middle of the pavement, cigarette in mouth, and opens the paper. A glance shows him that he has lost. He returns to his shop, and goes on working hard for something far smaller than the sum he risked. The odd part of it is that you never see these people at the moment when they learn that they have won. I am always looking out for the glad smile that should follow that quick dip into the paper, but it never comes. Do they, I wonder, ever win?

The whole thing, I suppose, is just a habit. A day without a "bit on" is a dull day, and yet, of all forms of amusement, this waiting for the evening paper, the peep, and the shrug of the shoulders, seems to me one of the very poorest. I am rather glad that I never had the curiosity to find out how to do it.

Litigious London.

Londoners are much too fond of litigation. Here is another over-rated amusement. You spend several days in a stuffy court, you neglect your work, you are asked a great many impertinent questions, you generally lose money whichever way the case goes, grossly unflattering portraits of you are published in the papers, and the world simply laughs.

Yesterday I went to London. It was a grilling day. As I came out of Charing Cross Station, the first thing I saw was a newspaper placard—

TRIAL OF CECIL CHESTERTON SIR RUFUS ISAACS TO BE CALLED

I felt very sorry for Mr. Cecil Chesterton and Sir Rufus Isaacs. If one is compelled to attend a Law Court, let it be in the winter. A minute later, on another placard, I read—

ACTION AGAINST MR. ROBERT SIEVIER

and on a third—

BEN TILLET SUED

and on a fourth—

NEWTON CASE: RESULT.

Really, the whole world seemed to be at it.

When you feel inclined to bring an action against somebody, it is a good plan to go for a long walk. Then eat a hearty meal, smoke two pipes, and go to bed.

Simple Charm.

There is nothing more delightful than the simple charm of the English girl, and the English girl is at her very best in summer. In her simple muslin dress, with her hair waved simply across her forehead, she is the very embodiment of freedom and naturalness.

This year, it seems, she will be more simply free and natural than ever, for fringes are to be in fashion. "The wavy fringe," said M. W. Tietze, winner of the international hairdressing competition in London, "varying in length and shape, can be adapted to any type of face. For an oval face there should be a wide fringe, long, slightly waved, and cut straight at the ends; for a round, full face the fringe should be circular. In every case the fringe will reach nearly to the eyebrows."

All this is splendid hearing for the boys, but there is better to come. "M. Tietze explained that the fringe will be secured to the wavelets at the back of the head, which are also to be popular. Inside the latest style of wavelets are enclosed tiny feather-weight springs, which make it possible to weave the curls at will to the most coquettish shapes. A coiffure may contain nearly a dozen of these springs."

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single spring.

SPORT: "SNAPS" FROM ST. ANDREWS, LONDON, AND HENDON.



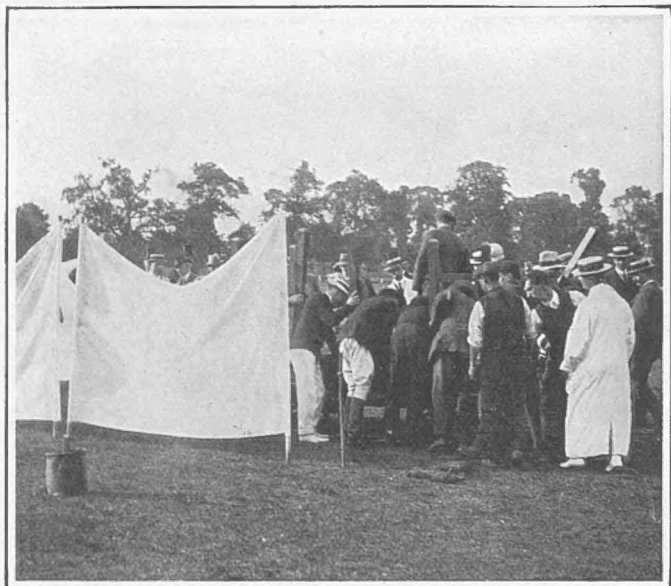
IN CAP AND GOWN: LADIES OF THE UNIVERSITY AT ST. ANDREWS WATCHING PLAY FOR THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Not the least interested of those who watched the golf at St. Andrews during the play for the Amateur Championship were ladies of the University of St. Andrews, and very picturesque they looked in cap and gown.—Mme. Pavlova's activities are by no means confined to the stage. One evening recently she was taking the chair and making an after-dinner speech; here we have her assisting the charity bazaar held last week in aid of St. Alban's Church, Golder's Green.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Record Press.

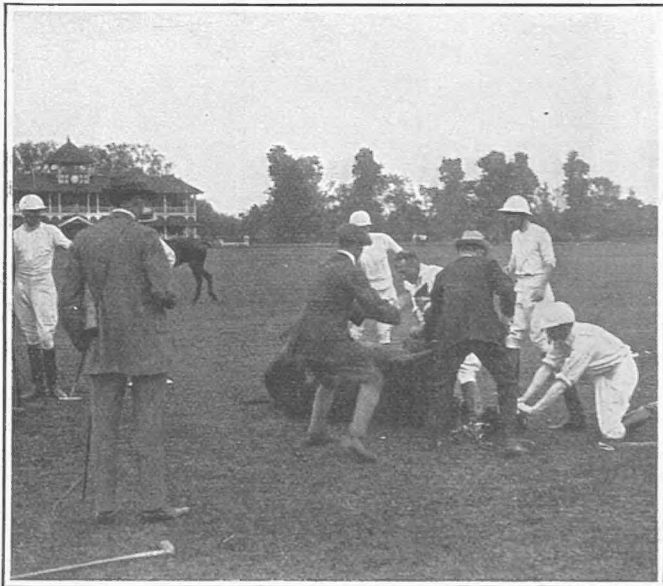


THE DANCER AND THE PARSON: MME. PAVLOVA ARRIVING AT THE ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH CHARITY BAZAAR, GOLDER'S GREEN.



SCREENING DISASTER FROM THE SPECTATORS: A PONY, FALLEN IN A POLO MATCH AT RANELAGH, HIDDEN FROM THE ONLOOKERS.

Should that rare thing—a polo accident at Ranelagh—occur, the disaster is masked from the spectators in the manner shown, by means of canvas screens. Thus susceptibilities are not wounded, and such vulgar curiosity as may be in evidence is not satisfied.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



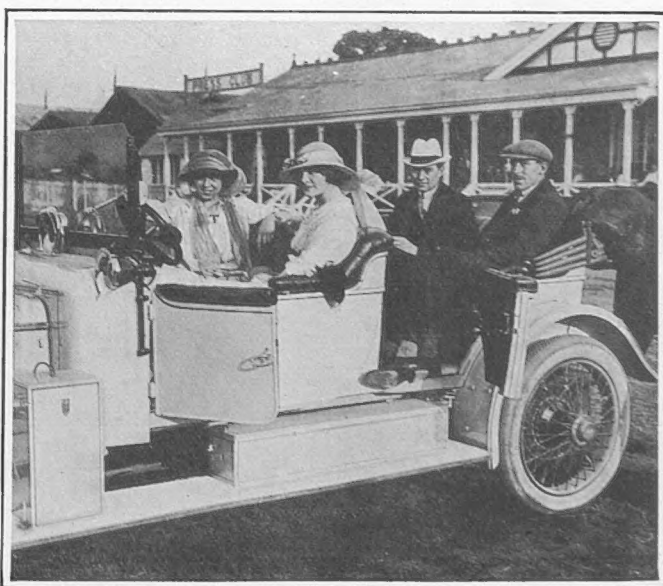
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN: ATTENDING TO THE FALLEN PONY AFTER THE POLO ACCIDENT AT RANELAGH.



THE FRENCH CANDIDATE FOR THE DERBY: THE ARRIVAL OF NIMBUS AT FOLKESTONE; CHARLES CUNNINGTON LOOKING ON.

Nimbus, the French Derby candidate, made an excellent passage to Folkestone. On Saturday it was seven to one in the betting.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Illustrations Bureau.



AT HENDON FOR THE FLYING: MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (MISS LILY ELSIE) AND HER HUSBAND (IN THE WHITE HAT) AT THE AERODROME.

MR. HILTON (+1 CIGARETTE) WINS: THE AMATEUR CHAMPION.



MR. HILTON PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.



MR. HAROLD HILTON (WITH CIGARETTE), THE WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP; AND MR. ROBERT HARRIS, THE RUNNER-UP.



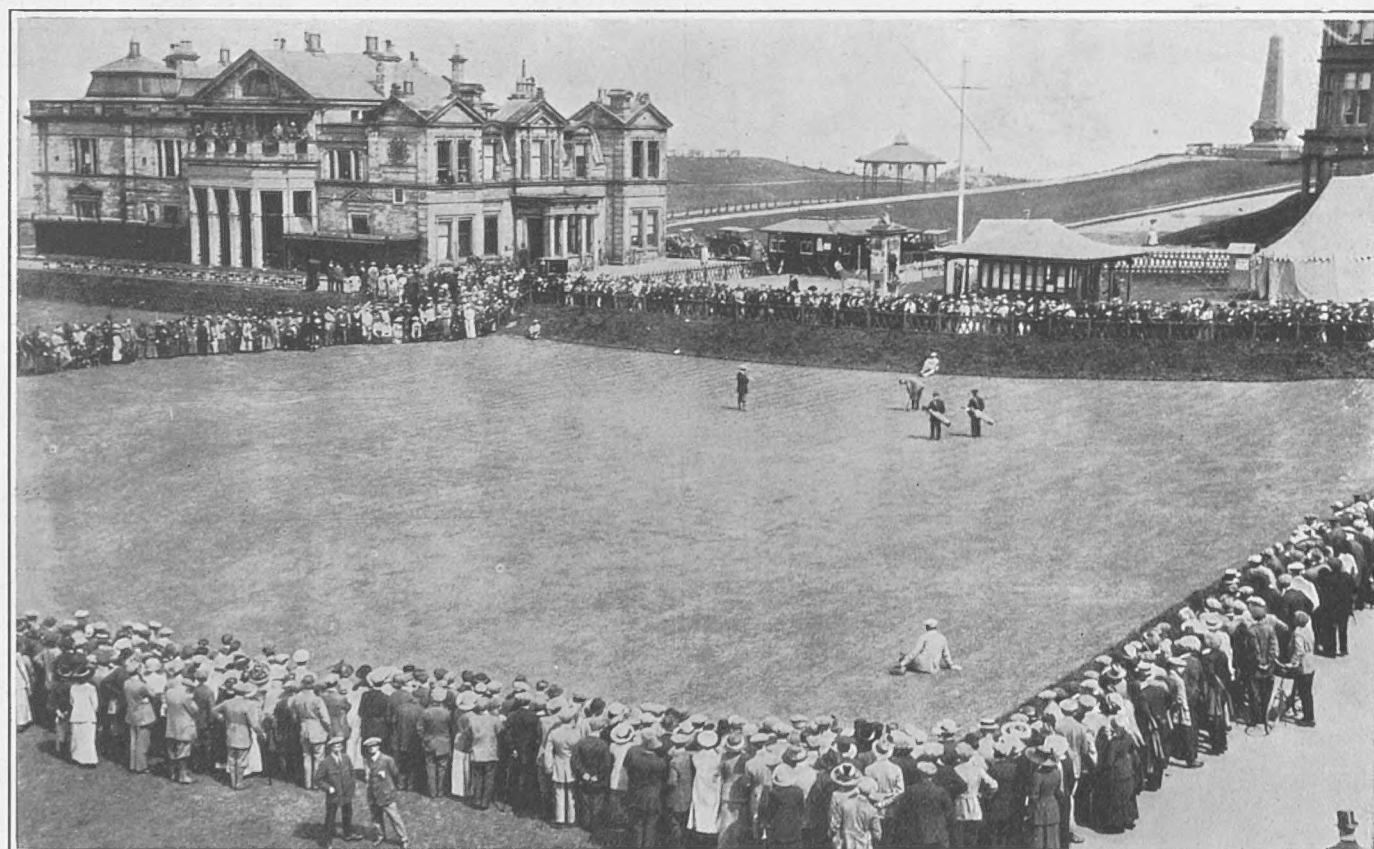
MR. HILTON GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER.



MR. HILTON PLAYING OUT OF THE ROUGH.



MR. HILTON DRIVING OFF AT ST. ANDREWS.



DURING THE FINAL—BETWEEN MESSRS. HILTON AND HARRIS; MR. HARRIS PUTTING ON THE 18TH GREEN.

Mr. Harold Hilton (Royal Liverpool) beat Mr. Robert Harris (Acton) in the final at St. Andrews the other day, and so became Amateur Golf Champion for the fourth time. Mr. Harris was outplayed and was beaten 6 and 5. The returns for the first round were: Mr. Hilton, 37 and 43—80; Mr. Harris, 41 and 44—85; Mr. Hilton won his first match, against Mr. L. Holden, by 4 and 3; his second, against Mr. J. Moncrieff, by 3 and 2; his third, against Captain H. M. Ballingall, by 4 and 3; his fourth, against Mr. L. B. Smith, by 5 and 4; his fifth, against Mr. H. D. Gillies, at the 19th hole; his sixth, against Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, at the 19th hole; and the semi-final, against Mr. C. C. Aylmer, by 1 hole.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, L.N.A., and Sport and General.]

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: ST. ANDREWS SNAPSHOTS.



1. BEATEN BY MR. H. H. HILTON (ROYAL LIVERPOOL) IN THE SEMI-FINALS BY ONE HOLE: MR. C. C. AYLMER (WEST SURREY).
2. IN TROUBLE AT THE FIFTH HOLE: MR. ABE MITCHELL (CANTELUPE), THE FAMOUS GOLFING CHAUFFEUR, AND A FAVOURITE, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL (ROYAL AND ANCIENT) BY FOUR AND TWO.
3. BEATEN BY MR. R. HARRIS (ACTON) IN THE SEMI-FINALS BY THREE AND TWO: MR. E. P. KYLE (ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY).
4. AFTER HE HAD BEATEN MR. ABE MITCHELL: MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL BEING CONGRATULATED.

5. THE COMPETITOR WHO WAS DISQUALIFIED FOR BEING LATE AT THE FIRST TEE: THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT PLAYING OUT OF A WATER-LOGGED BUNKER.
6. THE KNOCKING-OUT OF THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. H. H. HILTON (IN THE CAP) AND MR. HEINRICH SCHMIDT (MASSACHUSETTS GOLF ASSOCIATION) ON THE 19TH GREEN AFTER THEIR GREAT GAME IN THE SIXTH ROUND, WHEN MR. SCHMIDT WAS BEATEN AT THE 19TH.
7. PLAYING DESPITE AN INJURED WRIST: MR. JOHN BALL DRIVING FROM THE FIFTH TEE IN THE FIRST ROUND, IN WHICH HE WAS BEATEN BY ONE HOLE BY MR. F. E. PEGLER (SHEFFIELD AND DISTRICT).

As is noted on another page of this issue, on which we give a number of characteristic portraits of the new champion, Mr. Harold Hilton won the Amateur Golf Championship the other day, at St. Andrews, outplaying Mr. Robert Harris thoroughly and winning by 6 and 5.

Photographs by Sport and General, L.N.A., and Illustrations Bureau.

DRURY LANE. LAST 3 NIGHTS.
Managing Director, Arthur Collins.
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Last Night, Friday, June 6. For Programme see daily papers.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.15, Mr. George Edwardes' New Production, **THE GIRL ON THE FILM.** A Musical Farce. **MATINEE SATURDAYS** at 2.15. Box-office 10 to 10.

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Shylock HERBERT TREE.
Portia PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.
MONDAY, June 16, to SATURDAY, June 21.
TWELFTH NIGHT.
Malvolio HERBERT TREE.
Viola PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY.
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The following week's programme will be duly announced.

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Vance. 6s.
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The Blue Wolf. W. Lacey Amy. 6s.
Daddy Long-Legs. Jean Webster. 6s.
The Spartan. Caroline Dale Snedeker. 6s.
The Outlaw. David Hennessey. 6s.
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TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
Photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits),
beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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BAROMETER v. CALENDAR—COOL CUSTOMS AND COOL COMESTIBLES—ABATTOIR REFORM—TOO SOLID FLESH.

A Musty Jingle. If there is one old English saying which is quoted more often in May than any other it is the old North-country jingle, "Ne'er cast a clout till May be out!" I firmly believe that this out-of-date old saying inflicts more discomfort on more people in May than any other cause of suffering. May seems now to have become our month of heat

waves, for last year just at this time there came a spell of very hot weather such as we had last week. But though the Englishman groans at the heat, just as he groans at the cold, nothing in the world will induce him to cast that "clout" until summer officially makes its appearance with the June roses, and he suffers woe-fully under the mistaken belief that he is doing something that is good for his health.

Hot-Weather Rules.

When a heat wave comes down upon us in England it is possible at once to tell who are the men—and the ladies also—who have lived any part of their lives in hot climates. It is apparently only the Anglo-Indian or Anglo-Malayan or Anglo-Chinese who has learned that there is a sunny side and a shady side in every street, and a cool side and a hot side of every house. In India and any other of the hot countries of the world all the "jalousies" and the doors are thrown open after sundown and remain open all night to allow the cool air to come into the house. The house having cooled down during the dark hours, everything is carefully shut at sunrise to prevent the hot air outside from coming in, such air as does find

appetite counsels him to do, and does not unintelligently follow the custom of his kind, he will eat the right things. And cool, light things amongst the edibles which are good for him in hot weather are not so expensive as the heavy, hot things which are likely to do him harm. A couple of slices of cold lamb, mint sauce and a salad, iced hock-cup or barley-water, and some fresh plucked fruit, cost no more than a chump-chop, a tepid whisky-and-soda, and some hot pudding.

A Sensible Campaign.

Mr. John Galsworthy set all kind-hearted British women and men thinking by his articles in the *Daily Mail* on "The Humane Slaughtering of Cattle," and from the germ of these articles there seems likely to come a campaign throughout the land not only against the inhuman slaughtering of cattle, but also to prevent diseased cattle being killed and parts of their carcasses offered for sale. This is a matter that is being talked about wherever sympathisers with dumb animals meet. Already there are signs in the correspondence columns of the newspapers that public opinion is crystallising on this matter, and I hear of a suggestion that there should be one day set apart for securing signatures to a petition to the Government to take this matter seriously into consideration, and to compel the inspection of every animal before it is slaughtered. If half the stories I have been told in the last fortnight of animals in the last stages of disease being driven to slaughter-yards is true, then certainly there is a great wrong against our own people to be righted.

A Weighty Club.

A large contingent—large in every sense of the word—of the New England Fat Men's Club is on an excursion to Bermuda from Boston. The number of clubmen—and there are some club ladies, too—who have gone on the voyage, is thirty-one out of a total membership of three thousand. But the excursionists make up in weight for smallness of numbers, though the heaviest men of the club are not going on an outing this year. In America a man's weight is always recorded in pounds, and the champion club member on the s.s. *Bermudian* just weighs 400 lb. They are merry souls these fat gentlemen, and laugh at each other's appetites. There is, for instance, on board ship "the champion griddle-cake scoffer of Rutland, Vt.," who is also the holder of the New England pie-eating sweepstakes record. His rival in the matter of an extensive appetite is the champion doughnut wrestler. Dough-nuts certainly do not sound suitable hot-weather food—and it is very hot in May in Bermuda—but pumpkin-pie is a cooling delicacy.



WOULD YOU LIKE HIM TO SUCCEED? MR. HORACE FLETCHER, WHO THINKS WE SHOULD ALL WEAR WHITE CLOTHES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Mr. Fletcher is trying to reform Londoners into wearing white clothes throughout the year. He argues that white clothes are warmer than dark in winter, and cooler in the summer; while he believes, further, that the wearing of white causes people to be tidier than they might be otherwise, and, therefore, to be more self-respecting.

Photograph by Record Press.

its way into the darkened rooms being pumped in through moistened "kuscus tatties," and kept in motion by punkahs. Of course, these precautions are not necessary to the same extent in London, but it is well to remember that light and heat go hand in hand, and that a darkened room on a hot afternoon is likely to be cooler than one into which the sunshine streams. No man in his senses in a hot climate is out of doors in the middle hours of the day except under urgent stress of business. Men take their exercise in the early morning. All parades of troops are held before the sun gains any great power. Only in the afternoon, when the sun is dipping low, do men gather for racquets and polo, and the ladies for tennis or Badminton. The Londoner who in very hot weather walks at mid-day on the sunny side of a street, with no shelter for the nape of his neck, is simply asking for a sunstroke.

Hot-Weather Food.

The very best adviser on the subject of hot-weather food is a man's own appetite. No one in very hot weather wants to eat great, smoking wads of beef or thick slices of boiled mutton. The mind of man and of woman turns to things light and to things cold, to fruit and delicate cold meats, and ices, and the lightest of light pastry. And if a hot man spares a moment to think what his



WITH THE ROYAL ARMS UPON HER BASKET—BY SPECIAL PERMISSION: KITTY, "THE ROYAL FLOWER-GIRL" OF EASTBOURNE.

Kitty has sold flowers at Eastbourne for thirty-five years. Amongst her famous customers have been King Edward VII. and Prince Christian. —[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. E. A. V. STANLEY—FOR BECOMING M.O.H. (MASTER OF OPERA HOUSE) AS WELL AS M.F.H.



MISS MARIE ROYTER—FOR HER GREAT SUCCESS IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "PRUNELLA," AT THE COURT.



MR. MILTON ROSMER—FOR HIS EXCELLENT ACTING AS PIERROT IN "PRUNELLA," AT THE COURT.



MR. WALTER H. PAGE—FOR LOOKING GLAD TO BE FREE OF EDITORIAL CARES (IN WHICH WE SYMPATHISE).

Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, well known in the hunting world as Master of the Woodland Pytchley, has bought the London Opera House. Mr. Stanley is chairman of the syndicate which leased the house from Mr. Hammerstein and produced "Come Over Here."—"Prunella" has been given at the Court Theatre by Miss Horniman's Company. Miss Marie Royter and Mr. Milton Rosmer acted excellently.—Mr. W. H. Page, the new American Ambassador, was editor of "The World's Work."

Photographs by Sport and General, Warwick Brookes, and L.N.A.



MR. G. C. HAMILTON, M.P.—FOR HAVING KNOCKED THE ALTRINCHAM LIBERALS INTO A CHESHIRE CHEESE.



LORD KINGSBOROUGH—FOR TAKING 7 WICKETS FOR 0 RUNS AT ETON AND GETTING A WHOLE SIDE OUT FOR ONE.



MR. G. AKROYD—FOR BEING THE LEADER OF A FINE BROOD OF "DUCKS" IN AN ETON CRICKET MATCH.



SIR J. R. ATKIN, K.C.—FOR HAVING TO GET A NEW WIG—ON HIS RECENT ELEVATION TO THE BENCH.

In the bye-election at Altrincham Mr. G. C. Hamilton (Unionist), defeated the Hon. L. Kay-Shuttleworth (Liberal) by 1262 votes, an increase of 1143 on the last Unionist majority.—In a match at Eton the other day between teams captained respectively by Lord Kingsborough and Mr. G. Akroyd, a record low score was made. Mr. Akroyd and nine others made "ducks," and the whole side was out for one run. Lord Kingsborough took 7 wickets for no runs.—Mr. James Richard Atkin, K.C., has been appointed a Judge of the High Court, and has been knighted. He is the son of a well-known Queensland politician. He had a big practice in the Commercial Court.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Hills and Saunders, and Elliott and Fry.



MISS ENID C. DUNCAN—FOR BEING APPOINTED THE FIRST WOMAN J.P. (FOR CERTIFYING LUNATICS).



MR. RICHARD C. KLEGIN—FOR SPARING THE NERVES OF LONDONERS BY ARRANGING A BLOODLESS MOTOR-POLO MATCH.



MISS SYLVIA RAVEN-HILL—FOR DISREGARDING MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY, THOUGH HER FATHER DRAWS FOR HIM.



MISS MARTHA GREIG—FOR FINDING A NEW ANSWER TO "WHAT TO DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?" BY "CADDIE-ING" FOR HER FATHER.



KING DAUDI—FOR TAKING UP THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME AND FOR HAVING A HIGHLY DECORATIVE CADDIE.

Miss Enid C. Duncan, Chairman of the West Ham Board of Guardians, has been invested with the powers of a J.P. for certifying lunatics.—Mr. Richard C. Klegin is the manager of the American Auto-polo Team which played its first match in England at Ranelagh on Saturday. It was less thrilling than was expected.—The wedding of Miss Sylvia Raven-Hill (daughter of the well-known "Punch" artist), and Mr. R. Hodgson, of Uttoxeter, was fixed for June 3.—Miss Martha Greig "caddied" for her father, Mr. William Greig, in the Amateur Golf Championship at St. Andrews. She was the only girl caddie there. Mr. Greig is a slater.—King Daudi, of Uganda, who was expected to arrive in England recently, is an enthusiastic golfer and motor-cyclist. His caddie is in the uniform of the King's bodyguard.

Photographs by Record Press, Foulsham and Banfield, L.N.A., Illustrations Bureau, and Hattersley.

IN ROTTEN ROW: RIDING AND STROLLING SOCIETY.



1. THE HON. LANCELOT E. LOWTHER.

2. LORD SHUTTLEWORTH AND HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, THE HON. CATHERINE KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

3. THE HON. EMILY AND THE HON. MURIEL BURNS, DAUGHTERS OF LORD INVERCLYDE.

4. THE HON. MR. AND MRS. GEORGE KEPPEL.

The Hon. Lancelot Edward Lowther is the only brother of the Earl of Lonsdale. He was born in 1867.—Lord Shuttleworth, the first Baron, was M.P. (L.) for Hastings from 1869 to 1880, and for the Clitheroe Division of N.E. Lancashire from 1885 to 1902. He has been Under-Secretary of State for India, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. His youngest daughter, Catherine, was born in 1894.—Miss Emily Burns was born in 1891; Miss Muriel Burns, in 1893.—In 1891, the Hon. George Keppel, brother of the Earl of Albemarle, married Alice Frederica, daughter of Admiral Sir W. Edmonstone, Bt.

Photographs by Topical and Newspaper Illustrations.



A CASE OF AMERICO-CINEMATOGRAPHIC NEURITIS: "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."

A New Hungary. This is one more manifestation of that new and painful malady shortly summed up in the medical dictionaries as Americo-cinematographic neuritis. Hitherto the symptoms had been chiefly noticed in small boys. It leads them into lives of wild adventure, with pistols in the belt and buskins down the legs. Is "buskins" the right expression? I mean the beautifully decorative cockscomb-shaped excrescences wagging down the sides of the shapeless trousers which in Mexico and such places are used by the gallant lads who hunt the cow. That explains them. The germ of the disease, clinging to films, has penetrated to Hungary and attacked Hungarian musical-comedy librettists with fatal virulence. No longer do Hungarian damsels warble to Hungarian officers in uniforms of blue and gold, or haunt the glades of gipsy revellers, or drink the rich red wine of Hungary. At least, they do it no longer at Daly's—for the present, though I doubt not that in future productions they will turn and be themselves again.

But is it Hungarian? Unless, indeed, I am labouring under a misapprehension, and the truth is that Miss Gladys Unger, the adapter, has taken her two Hungarian (or are they Viennese?) librettists and hauled them bodily across to the savage parts of California. These doubts are very disturbing. How did these innocent, old-world Hungarians (or Viennese) know that not merely in London drawing-rooms, but also in such places as Mendocino Bluff, agreeable girls are knocked down to the highest bidder? Can the cinematograph have told them this? Where did they learn that a British peer may be a silly fool, yet command the admiration of the wildest cowboy by the intrepid manner of his taming of a snake? Did they really of their own accord build up a gentleman who turned out to be so exactly Mr. G. P. Huntley? And how, oh how, did they divine that Miss Gertie Millar could so brightly dance a hornpipe, and would find so bright a dancer as Miss Elise Craven to dance it with her? They do say that a musical comedy is an after-dinner entertainment causing no excitement to the brain; but really, if a man sets his mind to it, there are quite a heap of silly questions like this which he can give his brain to worry over for hours at a time.

Californian Marriage. So, on reflection, I think that it is probably to Miss Unger, and not to any Central European foreigner, that we owe this revelation of British peers, hornpipes and valets, and American marriage laws. For I would have you know that marriage in California is as easy as divorce, which is, of course, a shocking state of affairs—in fact, almost as bad as the state of affairs in Scotland. A poor rich girl, if nicely got up

as a cow-girl, may, in the ordinary routine of a day's flirtation, say, "I take this man" (meaning thereby any given cowboy, also nicely got up) in the presence of a priest, and the thing may turn out to be irrevocable except at some expense in lawyers' fees. Similarly, a poor poor girl may do the like with a poor British peer. Provided nevertheless (as the relevant article of the Californian marriage code most sympathetically remarks), provided nevertheless that the cowboy shall always turn out to be able to carry his dress-clothes like a gentleman, and the poor peer shall always come into his second-cousin's title and (this is important) estates: and all parties shall ultimately consent to treat the accidental union as a more or less permanent element in their lives.



TENDERFEET! MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS LORD HURLINGHAM AND MR. W. H. BERRY AS BLINKER, HIS VALET, IN "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

country in the world which would take the voice of Mr. Harry Dearth and be content with giving to it one little song? I forget what I set out to prove, but that settles it. "The Marriage Market" is certainly not Hungarian or Viennese. Of course it may be asked, "If it isn't, what is it? And why was it written by Herren M. Brody and F. Martos, and composed by Herr Victor Jacobi?" Why, simply because these gentlemen were determined to show that if it's cowboys you are wanting, and hornpipes, and frightfully expensive steam-yachts, and the very supremest delirium in American frocks imported from Paris, they are the shop for your requirements. They are not tied by racial prejudice to any one country. Besides, when they last parted with the libretto, it probably spoke of Hungarian cowboys and Hungarian millionaires on a Hungarian yacht; and the hornpipe has been thrown in to puzzle us.

Objections Examined.

Some may say that this rule of law is not peculiar to California, but may be found in the legislature and social systems of musical comedies of all countries. We may dismiss the objection as frivolous. Could any such rule have become established in any country which did not contain such exclusively Californian treasures (or feminine divinities) as Miss Gertie Millar and Miss Sari Petrass? Or which was not habitually visited by so pure a specimen of the British peer as Mr. Huntley, or so "compleat" a British valet as Mr. Berry? It seems hardly necessary to say, "Certainly not." "But," you may say, "it is quite possible that Miss Millar, Miss Petrass, Mr. Huntley, and Mr. Berry may all be found in a musical comedy which is situated in Thibet or Oldham or Turkestan: and the name Sari Petrass has in itself a certain suggestion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire." I really cannot waste any more time in dealing with these quibbles. I will conclude with one point which is conclusive. California is a part of the United States. The United States produced Sousa and rag-time. Is there any

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE MARRIAGE MARKET."



THE LATEST DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY: BATEMAN CARICATURES OF CHARACTERS.

"The Marriage Market," adapted for the English stage by Miss Gladys Unger, and with music by M. Victor Jacobi and lyrics by Messrs. Arthur Anderson and Adrian Ross, was produced at Daly's the other day, and seems certain to be the usual success.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SIR HERBERT TREE.

SIR HERBERT has had a week of joy. He has been helping to spend £800 a night. The prices of stalls and boxes have been raised, but the splendid extravagance remains. The full seatage at His Majesty's, at normal prices, brings only £370 to the till. Double it, and there is still a deficit. Deficits are the compliments Sir Herbert pays to his art. He does not admit that he seeks and enjoys them; indeed, he pretends a sort of regard for profitable balance-sheets. But his whole history proves his passion for a loss. Search his record, and you will find that whenever he has just made a fortune he produces a fine play that is bound to lose one.

The Cost—of Window-Cleaning! Sir Herbert has never allowed that a good play can, or does, fail; he has never allowed that his theatre can fail; he has never allowed that Tree can fail. His admirable optimism is the marvel of the profession, and, at breakfast-time, of himself. He is fond of telling a story of the other, and more usual professional attitude. When His Majesty's first shed its scaffolding, he crossed the road and asked a great contemporary among actor-managers his opinion. The sun was shining on the white marble of the new palace of art, and the faces of the two men were lit up with reflected radiance. "All those windows will need cleaning," said the other.

Cadences and the Cab. "A figure of amazing slimmess" crested with "uncontrollable auburn hair" is the Tree of the earlier descriptions. "Dreamer, mystic, poet"—one can almost hear his own more delicate voice of the eighteen-nineties chanting the inventory of his characteristics. When poetry was booming at the Bodley Head, Sir Herbert, partly because he is a born mimic, partly because of genuine interest, was never without poetry in his eye and a poetry-book in his pocket. Since then he has lost his lyrical slimmess and the volume of verses. But anecdotes of the period remain. Reading one day as he left the theatre, he absent-mindedly called a cab in the Haymarket and, still reading, gave an address. When the cab pulled up in South Kensington, he alighted, ran up the steps, and knocked, still reading. The door being opened, he said to the servant, with his kindest air, "Come in, come in!"—descended the steps, waved a hand towards the east, and was driven back again.

The Upper Circle. The vague voice, the somewhat windy mouth- ing of the syllables, and the soft eye have suggested the many stories of Sir Herbert's absent-mindedness. But they are nonsense. To his extreme alertness he owes no small part of his success as the imitator of his fellows. The poetic eye and the vague voice are tricks of manner, often used for nothing more than to give humour to table-talk. And it helps him to tease

his critics. "You can't deceive me; you are arguing in a circle," burst out one of the least patient of the Press-men after half-an-hour's large soft talk. "A—h!" purred Tree, "I am above you. Like the eagle, I always circle before I swoop."

Leaves from the Tree.

Fresh from some triumph of flax-growing in his back-garden, he gave a dinner-party, and explained to the lady on his left that he

Probably because his accent is so easy to imitate—as easy to imitate badly as Irving's—he is made the hero of a hundred anecdotes. had grown the table-cloth himself. "Do they grow?" I never knew it," she answered, her mind hovering between the pâté and the pine-apple. "Yes, indeed," answered Tree, seeing an opening for long-drawn-out vowels; "I planted a table-napkin."

The Superior Person.

To know that Sir Herbert is not absent-minded one has only to offer him a tribute not wholly sincere. He knows it before you have made an end of it, and the guilty sentence dies of shame, without its verb. Or sit in Sir Herbert's box at His Majesty's, and you know that you belong to a subject race. Put the Superior Person, who has gone to His Majesty's for years to criticise (he has never yet convinced Sir Herbert of his superiority), into that box or take him to a confidential supper, he will probably go under. When Mr. Irving, playing Iago, ate grapes and spat out the stones, with no little show of genius, towards the orchestra, the stalls shuddered; but Sir Herbert's flashing eye, and subsequent strictures upon the acting of his audience, are more terrifying.

The Acting Audience.

He is careful of his audience. He puts it to school. One scene-painter, he has said, will paint blood trickling down steps in such a way that you exclaim "Ah!" Another will paint it so that you say

"Ugh!" He studies the "Ughs!" and "Ahs!" of the dress-circle as he studies his own. He is nervous not only for himself, but for the individual from Norwood. He was the first actor to put hairs on the shins of his pink tights, partly, as he would explain, in the interest of art, and partly because the nice question as to whether he had bare legs or not helped to keep his audience on the alert. His own nervousness is a symptom of his belief in tension, and he would not cure it if he could. "I remember," he has related, "a first night when I was reduced to a state of mental and nervous pulp. At the end of the first act the author came to my dressing-room. 'Well, how did I get on?' I asked, hungry for encouragement. Scanning my trembling and perspiring form, he observed, 'I see your skin has been acting, at all events.'"



AS M. JOURDAIN IN "THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN": SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was born in 1853, son of Julius Beerbohm, and was educated in London and at Schnepfenthal College, Germany. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1877. In 1887 he was manager of the Comedy Theatre, and from the same year until 1896 he was manager and lessee of the Haymarket Theatre. He has been proprietor and manager of His Majesty's Theatre since 1897. He has assumed the surname of Tree. In 1883, he married Miss Maud Holt, an actress and well known as a Greek scholar. He received his knighthood in 1909. At the moment, he is playing M. Jourdain in Mr. Somerset Maugham's version of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

WASN'T THAT A DAINTY DISH? THE OMELETTE SURPRISE.



THE MOST SENSATIONAL "PLAT" OF M. JOURDAIN'S BANQUET: MISS MABEL ROY APPEARING
IN "THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The most sensational dish of M. Jourdain's banquet in "The Perfect Gentleman" is an omelette aux surprises, from which Miss Mabel Roy springs, to dance round the table.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE King's decision to hold his Levee at Buckingham Palace falls in with his Majesty's whole scheme for the common-sense ordering of Court events. For his Majesty to journey on such occasions from his own residence to a less convenient establishment had nothing to commend it except tradition; and it

happened in this case that to follow one tradition was to break with another. A Levee was originally a reception held, to save time, before the Monarch had emerged in full dress for the more ample ceremonial of the day; it was a getting-up of a glorious sort put to a useful purpose. To have to mount a horse to get to your own getting-up was obviously not strictly in accordance with the old-time custom. But King George has a particular liking for St. James's Palace, and this present change to "larger and more commodious premises" does not mean that he has grown weary of a building he holds to be one of the most picturesque in London.

Although the King's liking for

of the façade is accentuated to the eye of the traveller, German atrocities in the way of open-air statuary may have done something to reconcile royal critics to the vast pile of white marble just outside the gates.

"So Sorry!" The trials of a woman of many engagements do not

consist only in keeping them; to break them with grace is equally difficult. Thus the Duchess of Sutherland, when she failed to put in an appearance at the Poets' dinner at the Café Monico, knew that many neat couplets about the fickleness of Duchesses would be jotted down on the cuffs of young cynics before the end of the evening. But she, had she cared, could have refuted them with words neater and feater than their own. She had already made notes for her speech when, owing to illness in her family, she found herself unable to attend: her manuscript, full of good points, is a proof that she intended to eat her Monico dinner with the rest.

"Lady Killarney." Short of the publication of her name, "The Peeress" has been identified. But against the complete public disclosure of her name many points may be urged, and she does herself urge



MR. ALEXANDER KEILLER, OF MORVEN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS DOLLY PHIL-MORRIS WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 3).

Photograph by Barnett.

St. James's Palace is due largely to its picturesqueness, his Majesty also highly values its utility. It supplies ideal quarters for Private Secretaries and other Court officials. "I envy you your little front-door," he once said to the owner of a brass-plate

facing up St. James's Street. Although he himself has no latch-key, he is able to provide perfectly home-like lodging for members of his Household. Rooms in Buckingham Palace could never have the same intimate charm; and although a certain alarm for the privacy of Stable Yard and other delightful corners within the Palace precincts has been felt since it has been known that the London Museum, and its public, may move to Stafford House just round the corner, it is quite certain that the King would have consented to nothing that might threaten the amenities of the neighbourhood. As for Buckingham Palace, it is said that his Majesty has returned from swagger Berlin with an increased sense of the need of a thorough exterior overhauling. But if the dreariness



MISS DOLLY PHIL-MORRIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. ALEXANDER KEILLER, OF MORVEN, WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 3).

Miss Phil-Morris is the youngest daughter of the late Phil Morris, A.R.A., and is herself successful as an artist. Examples of her work have been published in "The Sketch," as well as in the "Illustrated London News."

Photograph by Barnett.



aiding the Lady Chichester Hospital; Society in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," AT THE COURT.

In the centre is Lady Allington, wife of the second Baron, and daughter of the fifth Earl of Hardwicke. On Lady Allington's left is Mrs. Walter Rubens; on her right is Miss Dorothy Bigelow. On the left (seated) is Miss Rosamond Grosvenor; and on the right (seated) is the Hon. Irene Lawler, daughter of the third Baron Wenlock. The performance took place at the Court Theatre the other day.—[Photograph by Topical.]

them. It is one of the few cases in which anonymity carries more weight than a signature. As it stands, the letter, ascribed in different quarters and for different reasons to a dozen different ladies, could not have had more effect if a dozen titles had been subscribed to it. Moreover, behind a nameless lady, far more than behind a specific personality, may be felt the inspiration of the Queen. It is a matter in which her Majesty would necessarily judge it better to give some sort of unofficial warning. But it was the youngest and most playful of Maids-in-Waiting who ventured to remind the Queen at the height of the controversy that her Majesty herself, as Duchess of York, Countess of Inverness, and Lady Killarney, took a place among the rumoured authoresses.

WESTERNISING THE EASTERN STAGE: "FAUST," IN JAPAN.



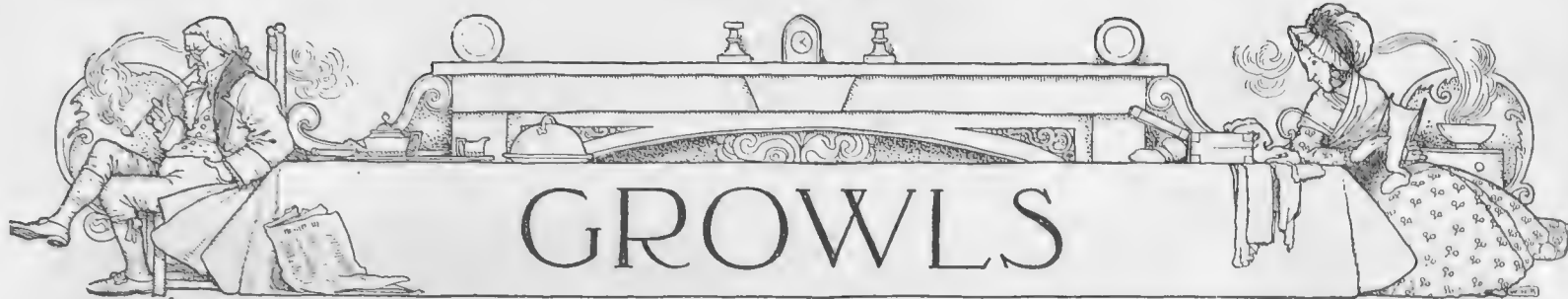
1. MISS KOJAKU KINUKAWA AS MARGUERITE AND MR. SOJIU KAMIYAMA AS THE YOUNG FAUST.

3. STUDENTS.

2. MR. TAKASHI IBA AS MEPHISTOPHELES (WITH MONKEY); MISS YAMAKAWA AS AN EVIL WOMAN; AND MR. SOJIU KAMIYAMA AS THE OLD FAUST.

4. A JAPANESE FAUST.

From time to time we have given illustrations showing the Westernising of the Eastern stage, including photographs of Ibsen plays as presented in Japan. We now add to the series "Faust," as seen at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, in April, when it was a great success.



LONDON FOR THE LONDONER—THE INADVISABILITY OF INVASION.

I AM convinced that I am not of an inhospitable turn of mind. I will go so far as to say that I am, at a pinch, prepared to welcome the coming with something of the alacrity with which I speed the parting guest. But, all the same, I cannot for the life of me see why at this season of the year London should become crowded with visitors from every habitable part, and from some of the practically uninhabitable parts, of the globe. No sooner do we get our annual spasm of sunshine than countless migrants swoop down upon us, and are to be observed walking backwards through our streets with their mouths open and with red guide-books in their hands. As one makes one's way down our thoroughfares one is assailed by a Babel of tongues, and the town is in general as unlike its usual self as a jaundiced imagination could well conceive. I am willing enough to concede that there must, in the natural order of things, be other countries than my own, and that it is not wholly undesirable that those countries should possess populations, but I see no reason for these periodical visitations. As a regular inhabitant of this city, I resent them. They impart an atmosphere of un repose which gets upon my nerves.

The Kindly View. The attitude which I take up in this matter is not entirely due to insular exclusiveness. I must own to experiencing very nearly identical sensations when I watch my fellow-countrymen from the provinces. From my point of view, the presence of these is more or less equally uncalled-for and superfluous; but I have another and more worthy reason for disapproving. It goes to my heart to see how lost and uncomfortable these strangers all seem to be. If I could distinguish the slightest trace of enjoyment about them I could forgive their presence in our midst. If I could for one moment think that they were happy I could almost bring myself to be happy too. But no such indication is vouchsafed. The fact is that it is only the Londoner who knows how to enjoy London. He alone can realise its possibilities, and take advantage of such as it has to offer. It never enters into his head to do the dreadful things which occupy the time of visitors from other lands. Whoever heard of a Londoner going tramping through the National Gallery or scaling the giddy heights of the Monument? Did any Londoner ever dream of

visiting the British Museum except on business, or of entering Westminster Abbey unless bidden to a State function? Did any Londoner worthy of the name ever permit himself to be lured to the Royal Academy unless there was on exhibition there a portrait of himself or some member of his family? Could anything bring him to investigate the interior of the Tower? All these things are to him assets the existence of which he recognises, and in them he has a sort of proprietary pride; but as to making their personal acquaintance, he has no time and less inclination. But with the hapless visitant it is different; he has to do these things. When he is in Rome he may find himself in a position to observe the time-honoured injunction and to do as Rome does, but I defy him when he is in London to do as London does, and any effort to do anything of the kind would be idle and futile.

The True Hospitality.

I am far from shutting my eyes to the fact that these misguided migrants go through the amiable process of dissipating some portion of their ready money amongst us, and I recognise that in so doing they entitle themselves to sympathetic treatment at the hands of a nation of shopkeepers. Neither am I blind to the undesirability of emphasising our insularity by encircling our island home with notice-boards bearing the ominous words "Trespassers will be prosecuted." But I do think that we should studiously abstain from aught like encouragement of the stranger within our gates. We are sufficiently populous as it is, in all conscience, and I feel in my bones that it is scarcely

honourable to entice outsiders into our Metropolis. The perils of our streets are incalculable; we never by any chance speak any other language than our own; our climate is beneath contempt; our shows are no better than anybody else's; and, above all, we never allow a visitor to obtain the slightest inkling of what London really is. It were far kinder—and, I believe, in the long run far more politic—to give foreigners a distinct intimation that London will not suit them, that they will receive the most casual reception, that our cookery is not all that it might be, that our habit is to palm off on them places and objects of interest which we never dream of patronising ourselves, and that we take every precaution to conceal from them the few features which make life in London livable.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



A COOL PROCEEDING! A HOT-WEATHER STUDY OF THE FOUNTAIN IN TEMPLE GARDENS.

Photograph by L.N.A.



FURNISHED IN A MANNER SUGGESTED BY THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: THE TUDOR SMOKE-ROOM ABOARD THE "IMPERATOR"—WITH BRICKS FROM A COTTAGE IN BUCKS.

For the first time, a Tudor room has place upon a liner; and that, as we have noted, at the suggestion of the German Crown Prince, whose idea it was that the "Imperator's" smoking-room should be furnished and decorated in the manner illustrated. As may be seen, the room has a large, open fireplace, the red brickwork over which (as well as that in other parts of the room) realistically reproduces that of the sixteenth century. The bricks in question came from a Buckinghamshire cottage of the Tudor period, which was demolished for the purpose. The general idea was to reconstruct a Tudor banquetting-hall. [Photograph by Topical.]

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SALE.



XVI.—THE UNCONVENTIONAL MAN—WITH THE LADIES.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY



AT THE OPERA — MUSIC AND HARMONY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ONCE knew a dear old French professor, an enraged Wagnerist, who whenever (and it was often) he went to the opera, always took a seat in the gallery (called in French, *Paradise*, because of its altitude), turned his back to the stage and—listened! He had a reputation for eccentricity—the Wise invariably have! I thought of him the other night at the representation of "Aïda." You cannot worship absolutely and perfectly except with closed eyes. Grand opera is to music what a religious ceremony is to religion. A great faith only, and a great love, can overlook the thousand-and-one little or big blasphemies, the large or small ridicules, the naïvetés and inadequacies, the wrong magnificence of pomp and artifice. Good music, unlike the good child, should be heard and not seen! The crime of *lese-music* will be perpetrated as long as the public will persist in considering singers as romantic heroes and heroines instead of musical instruments, mere producers of sound. To be a great actor is a divine accident. To be the possessor of a beautiful voice is another great favour from the gods. Why should we expect a nightingale to be a genius? The plain, mean man is very fond of saying that beautiful people are generally fools; so they are, but it is not because they are beautiful, but because, wit being as rare as beauty, the combination of the two would be a sublime coincidence.

After seeing an opera I always experience the same feeling of annoyance that I feel at the portrait of a beautiful woman by a painter who insists on making her pretty. Perhaps it is that I am not rapt and absorbed enough in the music, but the most brilliant and gorgeous stage setting saddens my eyes and spoils the pleasure of my ears. To me, "Lohengrin" is not only a masterpiece, it is also, alas! a spectacle in which a cardboard swan pushes its way, *staccato, staccato*, and painfully, through rippling waves of painted canvas. To me, "Romeo and Juliet" is not only the saddest of idyls in the loveliest of harmonies, it is also, alas! a perverse glimpse into the future—or what the two poetical and desolate lovers would have looked like had they been married and lived unhappily ever after! The Balcony Scene,

an amazing feat of agility on the part of a vast, portly, and prosperous merchant who has forgotten his latch-key! And, like Juliet, I sigh sadly, "O Romeo, Romeo, where art thou, real Romeo?" To me, "Pagliacci" is not only irony and poignancy as clearly and admirably written as if notes were words, it is also, alas! a staged stage, the spectators of which, unfortunate villagers who had paid with very hard-earned *soldi* the right to a good seat, were so placed as to see nothing of what they had come to see! "Aïda" is to me not only a three-hours' continuity of blessed sound, not only the wonderful trio of Mmes. Destinn and Lunn and Signor Caruso, of the golden throat, but also, alas! an Eastern scene in which bayadères dance with their backs turned to Pharaoh's daughter; where Nubian slaves are afflicted with tricoloured skin—that of face, hands, and figure; blacking being so cheap, too! A play in which Radames, the fiery, lean, leopard-like Radames, consumed to the keenness of a blade by ambition and passion; Radames is—well—an Italian singer with a very good *chef*, and a dislike of physical exercise. A play in which prisoners of war wear their plaited, raven wigs not to cover their own hair, but mantilla-like, displaying *toupets* of many shades! A play in which two lovers, at last reunited, though it be in a tomb, fail to realise the happiness of being *enfin seuls*, which seems to be sheer ungratefulness to Fate! Me thinks that were I, like Aïda, coolly and comfortably settled in a long-deferred *tête-à-tête* with my beloved, I would not have been in such a hurry to give up the ghost to Isis, or Osiris, or Ormuzd, or Ptah, or whoever was the fashionable deity then. A little privacy, in the soothing darkness, far from the madding crowd, is, in my opinion, worth buying with all the future troubles and disappointments of those who do not die young.

A few weeks ago I was present at a lecture at the Playgoers' Club. It was in praise of the naïve and childish make-believe of the Chinese theatre, where so much is taken for granted that four chairs, two persons sitting on them, and two men standing with poles, represent adequately the flight of two lovers across the sea! But why, if scenery matters not, why any scenery at all? Why not have the play read aloud, and let the audience imagine how it happens? What are four chairs to the gilded boat with the proud prow my mind's eyes can see?

Oh for music without words, words without deeds, deeds without men, love without lovers, books without illustrations, pictures without titles, flowers without names, reality without realism—beauty unalloyed!

Oh to bathe and breathe in the magic of sound, to feel the voice of your own torment becoming harmony through the genius of another! Just to hear, without having to battle mentally with the annoying anachronisms, discrepancies, vulgarities of the dream visualised in the flesh; oh, how much flesh! Let not the palaces where Legend lived undulate in the draught or at the passing of a scene-shifter! A song should be sung in a wood, on a mountain-top, by the seashore, or in the wonderful receptivity of the darkness. Let the singer be just a voice calling out your soul in the night.



IN THE JAPANESE MANNER AND IN THE STRICTLY PARISIAN DRESSES SEEN AT LONGCHAMP.

Photograph by Branger.



AS KING CHARLES II.: CAPTAIN THE HON. FREDERICK E. GUEST, M.P., IN THE PAGEANT, "THE RESTORATION," AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Captain Guest, who is M.P. for East Dorset, and was appointed Treasurer of H.M.'s Household in 1912, is the third son of Lord Wimborne. He has been Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill and a Junior Lord of the Treasury—(Photograph by Gale and Polden.)

A BABY IN THE MATTER.

FOR SALE



THE CURATE (*embarrassed*). Have you—er—got any cradles?

THE SHOPMAN: Yessir.

THE CURATE (*still more embarrassed*): In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected, don't you know, is it—er—customary to buy two cradles, or is one big enough for both?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE INFLUENCE OF BIRTHDAYS ON LIFE: CHEIRO WRITES.*

A Birth Date Tested.

Choose the month of your birth carefully, and the day of it. There be occult things, good and bad, to consider. Cheiro knows all about them, if you don't. And remember that the months are not as you have been taught to believe them to be, with your "thirty days hath September," and such infantile verselets. For purposes of reckoning the Fates decree as follows: the January period "commences upon Dec. 21, and lasts until Jan. 20. (The student must allow seven days at the beginning of the Sign for it to come into its full strength, and seven days at the close for it to gradually die out.)" In like manner, the period of February starts on Jan. 21 and finishes on Feb. 18; and so on. The only tests of such matters of belief and prophecy are purely personal. Let us, therefore, take a date with which we personally are concerned: March 3. That falls in the March Period, and we learn: "These people possess a curiously 'natural understanding,' which they do not obtain from books or study. They easily acquire, or rather, absorb, knowledge, especially of the history of countries, travel, research, and like subjects. Although by nature generous, yet they are usually over-anxious about money matters, and inclined to worry about what their future position in life may be. This state of mind is, I think, largely due to their dislike and dread of being dependent on others, more than



QUITE MANNISH: THE LATEST AMERICAN RIDING-COSTUME FOR LADIES.

Photograph by Straithmore.

from any love of money. . . . These people are also more mentally ambitious than otherwise. . . . They are inclined to brood and become melancholy. . . . They have great fidelity and loyalty if trust is imposed on them, and great persistence in carrying out whatever work they have in their hands to perform. . . . Many artists, musicians, and literary people are born in this period, but they must receive great encouragement to ever make the best of themselves." That for some of the Seer's statements. There are others, omitted here only for lack of space. Most, as far as we are able to judge, are uncannily correct, especially when it must be recalled that there are considerations other than the period as a whole.

The Occult Significance of Numbers.

The "occult significance of numbers with birth dates" is concerned, and, as an essential part of this, are "Life's Triangles"—with the Fire Symbol, the Water Symbol, the Air Symbol, and the Earth Symbol, all with their effects upon groping humanity. "Independent of what part of the year one may be born in, a curious sympathy and attraction will be found to exist between all those who have the same number for their birth date. For example, a person born, say, on the 1st of any month will find others that are born on the 1st, 10th, 19th, or 28th of any month more sympathetic than people not born on these dates. An exception must, however, be made for all people born under the Sun's and Moon's numbers, which are: Sun, 1-4; and Moon, 2-7—as such people are always attracted and 'natural friends' to one another; but all numbers attract, as it were, their own class." Always remember with regard to this that "it is necessary to grasp the idea that there are really only nine Numbers; that is to say, that the foundation numbers of all science and all calculation lie between the Number 1 and the Number 9, and that all others are only a repetition of these numbers, and nothing more."

Colours as Factors in Destiny.

Colours are other factors in destiny. For those of March, the most suitable are all shades of mauve, violet, and purple. The colours of the Number 3—and, of course, of 12, 21, 30—all of which, added,

make 3—are "all shades of mauve, violet, and purple, which they should have around them in their rooms or with them as much as possible; and they should also wear some jewel containing an amethyst, on account of its colour vibrations. All shades of blue, crimson, or rose and yellow are favourable for them, but only as accessories." Cheiro sets great store by this colour-influence. "No matter how beautiful a piano, harp, or other musical instrument may be to look at, if the vibration of its strings is not in accordance with its proper scale, the instrument will be considered out of tune and useless for all practical purposes. It is the same with human beings; if their vibrations are not true in the harp of life, their thoughts and actions will cause discords, and the unseen force of Nature prefers to leave them silent, or inactive, rather than have inharmony in the great scheme of harmony. . . . Although the earth would look far brighter if we were to dress in our true colours in ordinary life, as do the flowers of the earth, yet, as I cannot expect to effect this drastic change all at once in our conventional appearance, I must content myself with hoping that my readers may commence to make the changes I suggest in some slight form, or, at least, in those working-rooms or studios where they evolve their plans, write their letters, or see their friends. . . . The law of the 'vibration of things' is as great as the law of gravitation."

The Serious Seer.

Thus Cheiro, with much other matter which will call for attention and, doubtless, for thought and introspection on the part of all who know the month and the date of their coming into this world! And the modern Seer is serious. Witness the Preface to this book: "It will, I hope, be seen in reading these pages how perfect is the mechanism of the Universe, by which certain characteristics, and even details as to health, may be traced by a study of such things. . . . Those people who have some means at their command to learn their own characters and the dispositions of others must certainly be thrice armed in the battle of life. . . . With even a slight knowledge of what I designate in these pages as 'Life's Natural Affinities,' the road to the divorce courts would not be so crowded as it is at present."



WITH THE CAT THAT WAS HIS PRISON COMPANION
LIEUTENANT BRANDON WITH JOSEPHA.

Lieutenant Vivian Brandon, R.N., one of the English prisoners released by clemency of the German Emperor, brought to England with him a tortoiseshell cat which shared with him the later months of his imprisonment in Germany. Josepha, as the cat is called, was presented to Lieutenant Brandon eight months ago by a student under detention for duelling, and Lieutenant Brandon trained her to the solitary life he himself had to live. Her placidity under the circumstances, Lieutenant Brandon is certain, helped him to avoid brooding over his position. It will be remembered that the Lieutenant was found guilty of espionage in Germany.

Photograph by Record Press.

* "When Were You Born? Your Future, Marriage, Character, Tendencies Clearly Shown and Described by Cheiro." (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.; 2s. 6d. net.)

MUM'S THE WORD!



THE CLIENT (*who refuses to grow old and hides her face beneath paint and a veil*): Tell me; it's so difficult to know what to do now Léon Bakst's Egyptian dresses are the fashion. I want something really suited to me.

THE DRESS-MASTER: Oh, there's no difficulty about that; you might try the mummy style.

DRAWN BY HENRI MORIN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MADemoisELLE FIFI.

By NEWMAN FLOWER.

(Author of "Red Harvest.")

THEY had always called her Mademoiselle Fifi. Even Marling, the manager of the Frivolity, could not remember how many years had rolled by, since she came into his office one day—a little slip of a thing—and asked for an engagement. She had called herself Fifi then, and when, as the result of that engagement, she rose step by step from the crush of the common crowd to the top place on the flaring playbills outside the theatre doors, they had changed it to Mademoiselle Fifi. It looked better, Marling said, and besides, she had earned the title of respect. So they called her Mademoiselle Fifi ever after—just that.

But then this was years ago; and long since she had been the draw of the town. Yet she clung to the old Frivolity with unswerving loyalty, and there were many who said it was because she was in love with Marling. Nevertheless, if the truth be told, the years had drawn them no closer together; she never shared her confidences with him, and he, on his part, treated her with that studied courtesy which the knowledge that he dared not offend her had bred in him as an instinct.

"I tell you what it is," Marling was saying to his under-manager, Stobart, "Fifi's getting the whip hand of us. It's a bit galling when you think what I've done for her." He crossed the room and back, his hands deep in his pockets and his eyes on the carpet. "And yet we can forgive Fifi a lot. She beat up the old Frivolity's fortunes when we looked like going to the wall."

"Still, a girl out of the chorus might have done the same," grunted Stobart.

"True, but Fifi is one in a million. How the town stands her year after year I don't know. Changeable lot of devils, the usual theatre crowd, too. But they're as mad on Fifi as ever. Look at the booking for that tour of hers she starts to-day—marvellous!"

Stobart pitched a cigarette-end into the fire with a gesture of assent.

"But that's no reason," he said, "why Lester, the first violin, should adopt these airs and graces just because he has been in the Frivolity orchestra something like eighteen years, and Fifi says he's the only man in the band who knows a note of music. It's Lester I'm grouching about, not Fifi. Norreys said to-day he should throw up his baton unless old Lester was fired quick."

Even as he spoke the door opened and the conductor came in. He smiled dreamily with the air of one who feels the weight of grave responsibilities, and stood looking at the two men before him. Then he came forward and dropped heavily into an arm-chair, and put up his feet to the mantelpiece and slowly lit a cigarette.

"Can't stand this racket much longer," he said. "Why the deuce do you keep that rotter Lester on? If I had had my way he would have gone a dog's age since. Good violin—yes; knows harmony—passably; thinks the devil of himself, and backs Fifi against me all the way. And you know what Fifi is. Her fads and fancies about those high notes of hers are the limit. Still, Fifi's Fifi—I grant you that."

Marling perched himself on the corner of the desk and sent his legs swarming as he puffed fiercely at his cigarette.

"Well, if you want to get rid of him, now's your chance," he said, as if bowing to a popular verdict. "Fifi starts on her tour to-night; she'll have forgotten all about him by the time she comes back. I kept him on because he's been here so long; I hate slinging men out by the neck. But you must be cock of your own roost, Norreys."

"I'm glad you see things in a decent light, Marling," Norreys said.

"Send Lester along during Act Two, and in the meantime I'll get his packet from the treasury," replied Marling.

When, after the second act, Lester, in response to the summons, pushed open the curtained door of Marling's office, he found that individual alone. The manager looked up at the little man as he entered; at a glance he took in the whole impression of the lined face—the small grey eyes which seemed to warm as he smiled, the weak mouth, and the straggly hair carefully brushed back from the forehead.

"We shan't be wanting you after to-night, Lester," Marling said, averting his eyes. "Here's your salary in lieu of notice. We're making changes in the staff, and all that sort of thing."

The little figure before him seemed to shrink into his clothes.

Even as he looked, Marling thought the wizened face was shrivelling up. He wished he would take the envelope and go out.

"Good God!" The first violin put his hand up to his forehead; there was a frightened look in his eyes, he dragged one foot up to the level of the other. "You don't mean that, Mr. Marling—not after all these years?"

"You've done good work, Lester. But the orchestra has got to be changed; we want some new blood, and you—you're the old."

"The Frivolity's the life and soul of me," Lester exclaimed passionately, and Marling could see the sweat breaking out on his face. "It's all I've got in the world—my job. I can't leave it; it would be worse than cutting off my right hand. Dock my money if you like, but give me another chance!"

The torrent of appeal drove the blood from Marling's face. He racked his mind for words, and grasped at the first slender straw it suggested.

"Mademoiselle Fifi wants a change," he said. "Women are like that—all moods. You've tried to get too much your own way, and she's tired of it."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed the other. "A lie, I tell you—" He paused in his vehemence as the envelope was pushed up into his face.

"Take it and go," Marling exclaimed desperately. The first violin grasped the envelope, and then in a fit of frenzy hurled it at the wall so that the paper broke and the coins scattered over the carpet. He paused at the door for a moment and looked back into the old familiar room. Then quietly he went out.

II.

When, an hour before the play commenced, the doorkeeper saw a figure in close-clinging furs dive out of a car at the stage entrance and rush like a whirlwind up the stone staircase, he whistled. There was something wrong with Mademoiselle Fifi. Nothing but one of those occasional fits of passion of hers would have kept her from nodding into the little window as she passed after a six weeks' tour.

Meanwhile Mademoiselle Fifi had reached Marling's room and bounced in. A group of men, clustered in silent worship round a half-empty bottle of champagne, scattered at the passionate fling of her arm as she entered. Quickly she threw off her furs without speaking, then crossed over and gripped Marling's shoulders in both her hands.

"What have you been doing?—why did you fire Mr. Lester in my absence?—is it that beast Norreys?—are you a business man or a fool?"

"My dear Fifi—" Marling began.

"Don't 'my dear' me. Do you think I'm going to sing to-night to the accompaniment of a gang of tuneless idiots? Mr. Lester was the only man who knew a 'G' string from a ship's rope. I'll not sing—no, by God! I don't sing to-night unless he is restored, or you give me your word to reinstate him to-morrow. Gala night or not, I'll not open my lips without your word—and, Jimmy Marling, you know me."

"Absurd! You're upset, Fifi. Damn it, one first violin is as good as another if he knows his tricks."

"There is only one first violin to whom I'll sing in this theatre."

"Well, I don't know where he is. At least, he comes here every night and just waits in the wings. He's touched in the head. No sane man would come here without a cent for his pains and take his place beside his music-stand, and sit there, although the theatre is empty, till his successor arrives and turns him out. Then, as a rule, he waits in the wings." He laughed to himself. "Lester's mad; there's a kink somewhere."

"Mad! Mad!" she blazed. "If you had been for years and years in your job, if you had made a woman's voice your one study, if you had given your life to your work, wouldn't you be mad when a conspiring idiot of a conductor gets you hurled out? You don't know Mr. Lester, else you'd realise that you've lashed the soul out of him."

Marling understood women. And he understood every twist and turn of Mademoiselle Fifi's mood. He climbed to his usual position on the corner of his desk, and sat there swinging his legs.

"You run the show, Fifi; I don't. A manager in this shop might as well go out and commit suicide." Then, after a pause, he said, with mock politeness, "What is your pleasure, Madam?"

(Continued overleaf.)

Those Who Beat Us!

FOR SALE.



I.- HE HAD ONLY TWO CLUBS—AND NO STYLE. HE'D NEVER READ THE BOOKS. HE MERELY HIT THE BALL:
PUTTED WITH A BRASSEY; AND BEAT ME 5 AND 4.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS. R.I.

"Reinstate him, Jimmy. Give him back his job to-morrow." She broke into smiles, and advanced towards him with her little, white, bejewelled hand held out. "Do that—give me your word on it—and I'll sing to-night."

"Pals, Fifi." He gripped her hand tightly and held it for a moment. "You little tyrant, I'd give you anything! Now go and dress, or the curtain will be up and you making your entrance with a mouthful of hairpins."

III.

If you've never seen a gala night at the Frivolity you don't know the theatre. There is something that singles it out and stamps it above all other gala nights. And to-night the house was packed from floor to ceiling-lights. Every other face in the stalls was well known to the man in the street; in the boxes you read to-morrow morning's Society news.

Norreys led his orchestra dreamily through Offenbach's "Night of Stars," and all the while, just behind the left wing, a man sat on a low stool which an attendant who remembered old favours had placed for him—sat there in his spotless evening-dress, with his violin between his hands, the bow tilted in the fingers of his left hand, and his eyes on the ground. It was not till the curtain rolled up and Fifi's voice sounded in that grand serenade of hers that he seemed to start to life.

She came on the stage, her voice ringing through the theatre in one reckless melody that strained at the limits which the composer's notes placed upon it; it rolled in a silver flood across the stalls, up and up to the gallery beyond, and faces bent forward and leered through the dim light at the singer, and applause was dumb because the thoughts of the listeners had drifted away on the music. Only when she paused, only when the notes wavered, then sank lightly even as a bird drops on the wind, did the maddened applause break out like a thunder-clap. And all the while the little man just behind the right wing sat and listened, and felt his blood stirred as it had not been stirred these many years.

The curtain ran up on the last scene, and the play rushed towards a close. And then, almost at the end, came Fifi's "Echo Song," and the little man behind the curtain stirred fretfully as he remembered how, night after night in the time that had passed, he had accompanied the singer in this her greatest success. And now she pirouetted on to the stage, and, as she looked up to the painted clouds which a carpenter had placed behind the walls of the old castle, the trembling voice broke out again. Someone shuffled into an upright position in the stalls, a smothered cough sounded in the circle, then the singer's voice alone ruled the silence. At first it was low and slumbrous, lacking almost in confidence, and the man lurking beyond the curtain saw her glance at the position where he had always sat. And perhaps it was the sight of another face there, or it may have been some spasm of nervousness which is unaccountable and has no cause, but Fifi's voice trembled for an instant and jarred on a note. But Norreys, with a quick beat of his baton, drove his new first violin to strength, so that it drew the singer's voice up with the wail of the string, till it became itself again.

But in a moment more the voice faltered once more; the violin had sent a wrong note to tangle the skein of harmony. By that single note the violinist was shaken and the singer unnerved. Then, as the house waited, expectant of failure, there rose from the right the sound of another violin, so lightly played at first that it might have been a figment of the imagination, or the whispering of fairy flutes that comes to one in slumber, but gradually it grew till the first player laid aside his instrument and turned his head angrily to see the usurper.

But into the voice of the singer there had crept new strength; every note rang clear and true, for Fifi knew that the first violin had failed, and that to her succour had come another instrument played by the hand of a master who understood the language of his music, and spoke it even as a voice can speak.

The curtain lurched down, and Fifi dodged under it and stood there breathless and panting, while blood-red roses hurled from a box fell at her feet, and men cried "Bravas" with sobs in their voices. It had been a night of triumph, but triumph so nearly akin to failure that she did not realise even now how she had conquered. Then she looked toward the place near the curtain where the player had sat.

But the seat was empty.

IV.

"I don't care a damn, Stobart, you've got to find Lester's address. Hang it, man, there must be someone in the theatre who knows it."

Marling walked up and down his office the next afternoon, and his assistant knew that his mood was dangerous.

"I have inquired; no one seems to know where he lives or ever did live. He vanished directly that 'Echo Song' was finished. I tell you—" Stobart went on angrily, when the door opened and a call-boy came in.

"It's all right, Sir. I know the road, though I don't know the number. It's a big grey house. I went there once with a note from Mademoiselle Fifi the day she went on tour. I think I could take you there in a taxi."

"Come on, Stobart. We'll go together. Slip along, Tommy, and call a taxi. We'll be out in a moment."

The urchin disappeared, and the two men walked slowly down to the door.

"It will have to be at an increased screw, of course," Marling began, "and if Norreys cuts up rough, I'll soon call him to order. Lester had no business ever to have been sacked. I always said so."

Stobart bit into the stump of his cigar, but said nothing, and the two entered the taxi and, accompanied by the boy, were driven off.

For half-an-hour they dodged through main streets and side-turnings till they broke away into one of the large avenues where big houses, standing back from the road in well-kept gardens, lined the way. Suddenly the boy held up his hand, the back wheels of the car revolved in the opposite direction, and they came to a standstill.

"This is the house, Sir," he said as he opened the door and jumped out. "I remember them windows."

"But," said Marling, "this is a mansion." He turned to Stobart. "Is the boy lying, or is this a wild-goose chase?"

"Well, we can only go and see, anyway."

Together they made their way up the long path, knocked at the door, and waited till it was opened by a footman.

"S'pose Mr. Lester doesn't live here?" Marling stammered out at last, in tones which were half an apology.

"Yes, Sir. Will you step in?"

"Good God!" said Marling.

He wiped his boots more carefully than he had ever done on the mat, glanced at the splendid china in the cabinet beside him, then at the pictures that lined the staircase, and repeated the exclamation in an undertone.

The footman knocked at a door at the other end of the hall, and entering, closed it after him. Presently he came out again, and invited the twain to go in.

On the threshold Marling came to a halt and stood looking into the room, and Stobart close behind bit off an oath as he glanced over his shoulder. For there at one end of the table sat Lester, the first violin; around him were three children, two boys and a girl, all under the age of eight, seated at the table in their blue tunics and white aprons, busy eating bread-and-jam; and at the other end of the table was—Fifi!

"By the Lord Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Marling.

Mademoiselle Fifi got up and held out her hand.

"You know my husband," she exclaimed with a laugh, "but you've never met Eric and Jim and Maisie. They're our babies, you know, and we're proud of our babies."

"Your husband?" Marling felt his hand wander over his chin aimlessly. "Your husband?" he whispered hoarsely. He looked across at the little man, sitting there with all the costly furniture and china around him, luxury everywhere—a man with pride in his children and his wife.

He laughed, hesitated, then he forgot ceremony and the first violin, as he dodged round the table and kissed the two boys and the girl in spite of their jam-smeared cheeks, and perched himself beside Mademoiselle Fifi at the corner of the table, and let her pour him out some tea in one of the egg-shell china cups, and cracked jokes at the expense of Stobart, who fidgeted with his tea-cup as if he were taking tea with a princess in her castle, and felt very uneasy in doing it. And the little man at the head of the table seemed to drop his usual staid demeanour as he might a garment, and told them strange stories that made them all laugh, till Maisie choked over her bread-and-jam, and Marling vowed he had never had such an enjoyable tea-party in all his life.

"I say, Maisie," Marling exclaimed at last, as he handed across the table the third plate of bread-and-jam he had insisted on spreading for her, "when you go to bed to-night, get your mother to tell you about the fairy princess who lived in a castle and married a prince who used to go out at night, not as a prince, mind you, but as another man, so that he could play the violin for her. And no one ever knew about it, little girl; but they loved their Princess and the playing of the Prince, and, Maisie, they used to pay them lots of pennies so that they could build up their castle and make it splendid."

"And did the fairy Princess always go on singing—that is, after the castle was splendid?" asked Maisie.

"Ay, Maisie, she did."

"And did the Prince always go on playing for her?" queried Maisie again. "And did he never get tired?"

"No, he never got tired, and he will always go on playing for her," replied Marling, with rather an accent, Stobart thought, on the verb.

Marling was silent all the way back in the cab, and not till they were in his room at the theatre again did he mention the matter.

"You see, Stobart," he said then, as he dropped into his chair and stared at the painting of Mademoiselle Fifi over his desk. "I got the whole story out of her after tea. They married soon after Fifi joined the Frivolity; it was there they first met. He knew he could never do any more than play the violin, and, though he played well, preferred to accompany her rather than seek his living on the concert platform. He wouldn't trade on her name. I like the beggar for that—damn it, I do."

"Give me a drink," said Stobart.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE "CASUAL-WATER-IN-A-BUNKER" CHAMPIONSHIP: THE FUTURE OF THE OLD COURSE AT ST. ANDREWS.

The Amateur Championship.

There was a full measure of interest and excitement at the Amateur Championship that was held at St. Andrews last week, as it was a foregone conclusion there would be. The tournament was a little slow in getting into its stride, as it were, this time, and there was no big business until we came to the Mitchell-Blackwell match on the second afternoon, but after that the place was buzzing with excitement and the news of fateful happenings. Here and now I am not going to write much about the water-logged state of the bunkers, which has already been very much and keenly discussed. The simple fact is that the best was made of what was undoubtedly a very bad job; the water shot had to be played all the time from the beginning; most of the bunkers on the course were water-ridden, and as a proper golf championship test one very important element was lacking, as it has never been so in any championship before. The argument advanced beforehand that, by the application of the casual-water-in-a-bunker rule, and picking out and dropping behind under penalty of a stroke, it was made the same for all, would not do. We did not want it to be the same for all. One man in ordinary golfing circumstances sometimes gets very badly bunkered and needs two or three to get out, and deserves it all, whereas another is well served in the hazard, and can get in a good iron shot if it is wanted. Again, some men can recover far better than others from bunkers, and deserve their better fate. Equality like that obtained by the pick-out-and-drop law is just what is not needed, and should not be. I reckon it up that a man wins a championship as the result of three things. Being one who is good enough to win, he just plays his good average game, with a specially good round here and there. Something exceptionally brilliant all the way through is not wanted, and is rarely accomplished. Also he must have a good share of what luck is going about, for no man can win a championship if luck is running the least bit against him. Then the second of the three things is that he must be putting well, and again with good fortune. Some of the long ones must go in, and he must not miss the little ones. Third, and most important, he must make good recoveries when in difficulties. It is not possible for any man to go through a championship without getting into very many difficulties, but the thing is to get out of them with the least possible expenditure of strokes. That is where the supreme excellence of the great professionals comes in. They get into trouble, like all the lesser golfing mortals do, but more often than not they have their putt for the hole in the par figure, or one less,

just the same as if their passage from tee to green had been as smooth and happy as that of a fairy yacht upon a golden sea.

The Bunker Test.

St. Andrews, and matters

This great and deeply important recovery test was largely spoiled at St. Andrews, and matters were made worse by the fact that there was so much inequality of treatment in bunkers that were half-dry, a man who got into the water and could pick out and drop being often better off than the poor beggar who found his ball stuck into a slimy, muddy mass on the edge of the pool and had to try to play it from there whether he wanted to or not. The matter is far more serious than it would be if merely this one championship were all that was concerned. The case is a most difficult one, and everybody will wait with painful and sympathetic interest to see what can be done. At the moment it is hard to guess any sure and safe course of procedure, for the water in many of the bunkers has now to be regarded as more or less permanent, only disappearing in weather that is very dry, instead of the case being the other way about. "Good luck to the old

course!—good luck to it!" is really all that can be said on the subject, and it is said very fervently.



IN A WATER-FILLED ST. ANDREWS BUNKER: THE HON. DENYS SCOTT PLAYING IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Hon. Denys Scott (Royal North Devon) was beaten in the fourth round by William Greig (New St. Andrews) by 3 and 2. Mr. Scott is the third of the Earl of Eldon's four sons.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A DOG AS GOFLER'S "AIDE": FETCHING OUT A BALL FROM THE WATER IN A ST. ANDREWS BUNKER DURING THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

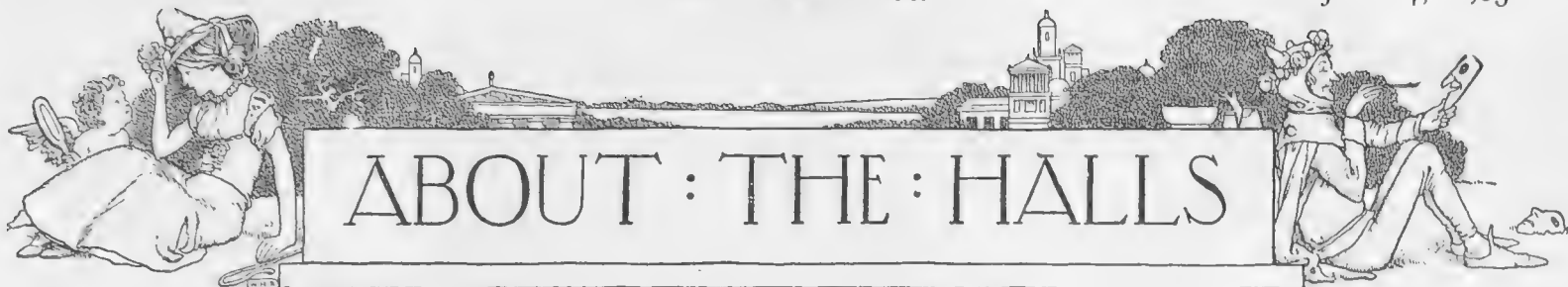
When the Amateur Golf Championship began on the Old Course at St. Andrews there was water in a certain number of the bunkers. Rather than lift and lose a stroke, some of the players decided to wade in and play the ball. On the first day, for instance, Mr. John Ball, bunkered at the fifteenth in the water by the side of the green, made a very remarkable stroke. Wading into the water, he dug his ball out of sand and water with a heavy iron, and sent it at least twenty feet into the air.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Some Special Shots.

Of course, the water now and then gave a fine chance to some of the heroes to distinguish themselves. Mr. Frank Woolley, for instance, played a very fine stroke from it when bunkered at the sixth hole in his match with Mr. Jenkins, bringing off a long iron shot very successfully, and laying his ball within about ten yards from the pin. In the way of individual shots, however, apart from the water, there was nothing more remarkable than the way in which Mr. Aylmer holed out with a mashie from a distance of about a hundred yards at the sixteenth in his match with Mr. George Wilkie in the very first round. That shot settled Mr. Wilkie, for Mr. Aylmer thus got the hole in two and won his match with it; and while these things sometimes happen in big golf during the progress of a match, I can recall no other case of one happening at the tail-end of a championship match. But, of course, the big match in the second round between Mr.

Blackwell and Mr. Mitchell overshadowed most other things in the early stages, and as the exigencies of circumstances prevent my writing these notes before the end of the tournament, there is no use in saying any more about it.

HENRY LEACH



AN ARRIVAL FROM AMERICA : A SUBMARINE SKETCH : "LOVE IN ALBANIA."

MR. GEORGE BEBAN, who is making his appearance at the Palladium, introduces himself with the sweeping statement that he is America's greatest character-actor. I am not in a position either to correct or to corroborate this statement, but he certainly gives proof that he is the possessor of emotional powers of a high order. The sketch in which he appears is called "The Sign of the Rose," and he is his own author. We are shown a prettily designed flower-store in New York, where a detective is waiting to catch a member of the secret society known as the Black Hand, who has kidnapped a little girl and has named ten thousand dollars as the ransom. The sorrowing parents are to hand over the money to a person giving the sign of the rose. When plans have been completed for the trapping of the conspirator, a ragged "dago" is seen gazing at the flowers in the shop-window. He enters and humbly asks the price of a rose, and the detective triumphantly pounces upon him and tries to make him accept the dollars which the poor man says he does not want. On being charged with the crime, he indignantly denies the offence, and says that he was only desirous of buying a rose to lay upon the body of his little daughter Rosa, who was killed by a motor-car on the previous evening. In broken English he describes his love for his lost child; but while he convinces the mother of the kidnapped infant, the detective remains obdurate, and, covering the dago with a revolver, prepares to lead him



AS MARCELLE DE LIGNERAY IN BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD'S "CRESUS"; Mlle. GABRIELLE DORZIAT.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

to durance vile. At this moment in rushes the father, bearing in his arms his child, who by some other process has been rescued from the Black Handers. It then turns out that it was his car which slew the dago's child, and the ill-used foreigner, spurning all pecuniary compensation, brings down the curtain with an adjuration to motorists to be more careful. Mr. George Beban makes a pathetic figure of the misjudged Italian, and he is well supported by the company he has brought with him.

A Thriller. That excellent actor, Mr. Henri de Vries, is presenting at the Oxford a highly sensational and realistic sketch, entitled, "Submarine F 7," in which the action takes place on board a British submarine, which is represented with a careful regard for the correctitude of the smallest detail. The audience is initiated into all the mysteries of these wonderful contrivances. We see the reflections in the periscope of what is going on on the surface of the sea, the working of the diving-wheels, the filling of the ballast-tanks, the operation of the telephone-buoy, and the donning of the life-saving helmet; indeed, nothing is omitted which can conduce to realism. The thrill comes when the submarine suddenly strikes a submerged wreck and becomes unmanageable. The commander, Lieutenant Gordon, of course remains perfectly cool and does everything to save his ship and men, but the latter do not take things with his composure. By means of the telephone-

buoy he communicates with a battle-ship, and divers appear on the deck above placing chains round the vessel, which is finally raised amid scenes of great excitement. The whole thing is admirably conceived and extremely well executed, and succeeds in gripping the spectators from first to last. The thud of the engines and the fish swimming about above the ship give a complete impression of submersion, and the horror of the situation when the collision occurs is rendered very real indeed. There are touching moments when the officers decline to use the life-saving helmets and insist on the men drawing lots for them, and when the second in command pens a farewell letter to his young wife. Mr. Henri de Vries does not appear in the piece himself, but he has cast it most satisfactorily. Mr. Miles Hodgson gives a fine, manly rendering of the gallant commander, and he is well supported by all his colleagues. Altogether, Mr. de Vries is to be congratulated upon providing an excellent and exciting entertainment.

A One-Act Opera. Now that the war is at an end and the nations who quaintly describe themselves as "the Allies" are strenuously employed in preparations for falling upon each other and annexing all the available spoil, the title "Love in Albania" possesses an attractiveness all its own, and the Tivoli management, rising to the occasion, is giving us a glimpse of what presumably may be accepted as the lines on which daily life is conducted in the newly constituted kingdom. We are not surprised



TAKING HIS GREATEST TREASURE FROM HIS PRIVATE SAFE; MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, AS COMTE SORBIE, WITH THE HAT-AND-COAT DISGUISE WHICH TRANSFORMS HIM INTO A TUPPENY-HALFPENNY INSURANCE CLERK.

Comte Sorbie, otherwise known as Croesus, wants to be loved for himself alone, and finds that his wealth is very much in the way of his attaining this desire. Having been deserted by Marcelle de Ligneray, he meets a sympathetic midinette in the park, and, in disguise as an insurance clerk, becomes her fiancé. At this time, he keeps the disguise in question, which he calls his greatest treasure, in his private safe. In the end, the midinette leaves him for money. He then tells her who he is, and gives her an order which shall bring her a living sum for life. When the curtain falls, the midinette is busy reckoning the money on her fingers.—[Photo. Ellis and Walery.]



THE SPONGING VICOMTE DE FONSA; AND MARCELLE DE LIGNERAY, WHO DESERTS WEALTH FOR LOVE; MR. SPENCER TREVOR AND Mlle. GABRIELLE DORZIAT IN "CRESUS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

to find the scene laid in a brigand's cave, because it has long been a tradition that every respectable person in that mountainous part of the world follows the ancient and picturesque profession of brigandage. In this "musical scena" we make the acquaintance of a specimen of the fraternity who has enterprisingly captured a Turkish maiden, the man being attired in petticoats and the woman in trousers, thus emphasising the difference of customs between the Eastern and the Western worlds. Not unnaturally, the relations between the two are at first somewhat strained, but it is a recognised fact that music has charms to soothe the savage breast, and in this case no attempt

is made to provide the exception which proves the rule. The music, which is at the same time tuneful and musically, is composed by Max Steiner, and is well sung by Mr. Walter Wheatley, who hails from Covent Garden Opera, and by Miss Alexia Bassian, both of whom have good voices which they know how to use. The Tivoli programme is distinctly strengthened by this item.—ROVER.



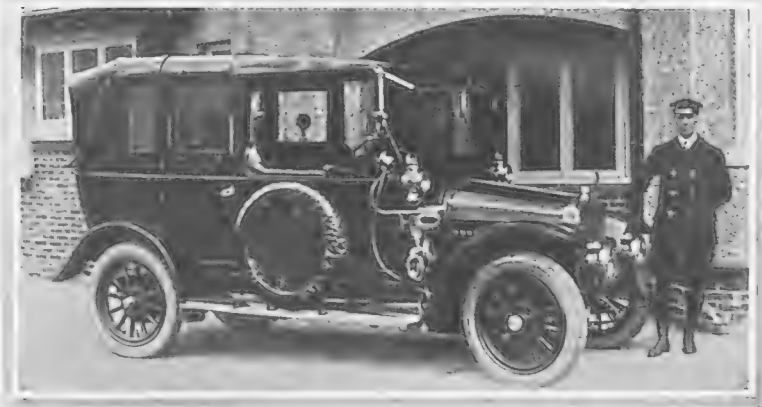
AN EIGHT-CYLINDER: HILL-CLIMBS AND TRACK RECORDS: A TRIUMPH FOR SLEEVE-VALVES.

The De Dion "Eight."

If a four-cylinder engine be good, a six is certainly better; then one possessing eight cylinders should assuredly approach perfection. But very few makers have experimented in the eight-cylinder direction, and those that have, have relinquished the idea in favour of the six. Now motor-bonnets up to a certain length are not incongruous, but six-cylinders, even when compactly cast in blocks of three, are long enough; and to put eight in a row would necessitate a bonnet of such length that no body could adequately balance it to the eye. Quite late in the day, and from quite an unexpected quarter, there now comes a highly satisfactory and highly efficient eight-cylinder engine. It is being put on this market in two powers by Messrs. De Dion-Bouton Company, Ltd., who, one may rest assured, have not made so salient a departure from their well-known and accepted practice without being assured by careful tests that they had a motor worthy of their great reputation in every way. For sweetness and evenness of running, absolute balance, and perfectly even torque, the eight-cylinder De Dion cannot be beaten—indeed, I shall expect to see the rapid adoption of these cars by those who have no need to let money stand in the way of their possessing so luxurious and sweet-running a vehicle.

The Aston Hill-Climb.

The Herts County Automobile Club are certainly to be congratulated upon the success of their Aston Hill-Climb on May 24. The entries totalled forty-eight in all, divided into four classes, which is



WITH THE NEW PATENT MORGAN CABRIO-LANDAULETTE BODY:
THE 15-25-H.P. ADLER.

This car was recently delivered by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street, and 127, Long Acre.

excellent, but not a record for the meeting, although the attendance most certainly was. Wherever possible, cars were ranged up the sides of the long hill as close as they would stand, and their occupants were rewarded both by the superb weather and by the fine driving and competition in the two fast-car events. Few will ever forget the lightning-like sensational climb of the 30-h.p. Vauxhall, driven with most consummate skill by Mr. A. J. Hancock, whose time (which is, of course, not publishable) is far and away record for the hill. Class II. was remarkable for Mr. Bentley's clever win on a 12-15-h.p. D.F.P., both on time and on formula. Mr. Bentley thus wins this event for the second time. The "Invincible" Talbot scored brilliantly in Class IV., particularly as her driver, Mr. P. S. Barber, is an amateur and her owner. The Jay Cup, awarded to members of the club driving their own cars, also went to this gentleman. The best handicap performance, irrespective of class, was made by a 15-h.p. Crossley, driven by Mr. C. Bianchi. All the members, competitors, and friends were subsequently entertained to tea by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild.

The Argyll Single-Sleeve Gives Proof.

Up to a few weeks ago, it could not be said that the sleeve-valve engine, either double or single, had performed in competition in anything like an equivalent manner with its competitors of the poppet-valve variety in any Brooklands performance. But this reproach, if reproach it were, has been completely removed—at least, so far as the single-sleeve Argyll engine is concerned—by recent feats of speed and endurance on the great

Weybridge Motordrome. The Argyll people opened the ball by setting one of their 15-30-h.p. (80 mm. bore, 130 mm. stroke—2614 cu. cts.)

to a fourteen-hours test at Brooklands, when the car was driven no less than 1016 miles 437 yards in the space of fourteen hours, so averaging a speed of 72.59 miles per hour throughout. Bosch magneto, Bosch plugs, and Zenith Carburettor shared the honours. The ratio of the engine revolutions to the back axle was 3.25 to 1. In this admirable performance the Argyll succeeded in beating the world's record for fourteen hours, and instituted a new set of figures for the Brooklands capacity rating D., in which the car is classed.

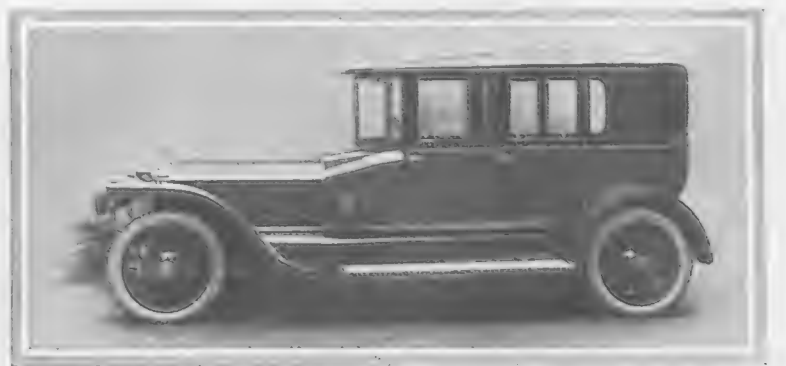


WITH MR. L. COATALEN AT THE WHEEL AND MR. D. RESTA AS PASSENGER: THE 1913 GRAND PRIX SUNBEAM.

This 16-20-h.p. car has a six-cylinder engine, and the cylinders are cast in threes. The design of the 20-30-h.p. six-cylinder model has been followed very closely. The wheel-base and track have been slightly reduced as compared with the standard 16-20-h.p. four-cylinder model.

With Endorsement.

Not content with the above-mentioned performance, those responsible for this admirable car, feeling that there was still more in her, undertook yet another fourteen-hours run at Brooklands on Tuesday, May 27. In quite perfect weather, save for a fierce ten-minutes hailstorm, and driven by the same men (Mr. W. H. Scott and L. C. Hornsted—the latter the great Benz driver), this wonderful car succeeded in improving on the feat recorded above by no less than 54 miles (or 1070 miles as compared with 1016), and travelling at an average speed of 76 miles per hour, in lieu of 72.59, as on the previous occasion. In this run the Argyll car garnered all the records from 600 miles and upwards, and the bests for seven to fourteen hours. From time to time the car ran with the most astounding regularity, circuit after circuit of the great track being reeled off in 2 min. 4 sec. to a fifth. Both drivers appeared to get equal results out of the car, proving that it was the quality of the



WITH A CUNARD BODY: THE LATEST 38-H.P. NAPIER CARRIAGE.

It will be noted that the outline is particularly smooth and sweet. The car, which is finished in royal blue, can be seen at Messrs. Napier Motors, 14, New Burlington Street.

machine telling all the time. By the above-recited performances, the single-sleeve-valve engine has not only been proved to the hilt for speed and durability, but all suggestions as to the inferiority of the parallel worm to gearing as a power-transmitter are given the denial direct.

[Continued on a later page.]



A BRILLIANT Henley is promised; and the raising of the entrance-fee at the Phyllis Court Club is one symptom of a lavish year. Given sun, boating must hold its own against the road; but both at Oxford and Cambridge the undergraduate's car has been a strong rival to the river. The motor is breezier and

more comfortable, and the streets of both 'Varsity towns have been as crowded with cars as the streams with boats. The undergraduate, unless he takes to the frantic joys of motor-cycling, is the laziest sort of motorist. He drives from college to his bun - shop, and back again, or pulls up outside his tobacconist, and lies back among his cushions much as if he were in a punt, but without evil dreams of a turn to come with the pole.

Holstein honoured the Embassy with their presence the other night, Baroness and Baron von Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Prince L. Borghese, and Mme. Fleuriau were among those invited to meet their Royal Highnesses. The next day, at the same table, were gathered Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. F. Murietta, Baron Franckenstein, Count George Festetics and Lord Rock-savage. It is not of the peer with the native name that the man in the

street, or Count Albert Mensdorff - Pouilly's learned English butler, knows most.

Les Mondaines.

Nothing could have been more successful than Mrs. Emile Mond's party in honour of M. Camille Saint-Saëns. While of the majority of hostesses the most that can be said is that they fill their own drawing - rooms, or empty other people's, the impression at a Mond reception is never of an ordinary crowd. Mrs. Mond has, like Lady Mond, the art, not of filling a drawing-room to the vexation of a rival

round the corner, but of gathering interesting and interested people. Her salon, like her frock, has a suggestion of Paris, where a knowledge of the arts is an essential of entertaining, and even a belle is expected to know something of *belles-lettres*.

London's Lions. The great composer was, like his hostess, at home at 22, Hyde Park Square. He played his own music, talked about poetry with Lady Roxburghe, about pictures with Sir Hugh Lane and Sir Claude Phillips, about the theatre with Sir George and Lady Alexander, and about everything in particular with Lady Schuster, Sir Vincent Caillard, and the Balkan Ministers. He has, besides his own exquisite art, a full zest for everybody else's, as well as a Frenchman's robust power of talk.

At Sunderland House. The Duchess of Marlborough gave her dance at Sunderland House, where there was room and to spare. The day before, the Duke had answered a Fleet Street query, "What is your idea of happiness?" with "The man who would be truly happy should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires." The dancers, all the same, were grateful for elbow-space.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT MALBY DONALD BROWNLOW, R.N.; MISS DOROTHY HOLMES BENNETT, OF GRIMSBY.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Baron's Shawl. France gives a third daughter to the British peerage in the new Lady Ashbourne, and only less alien than his wife is the new Peer. She is French, with a strong

accent, but he is Irish, with a kilt! Not only has he worn it in the lanes round his Surrey home, but he has carried it in Piccadilly. To bright tartans the Londoner is more or less accustomed, but of the sadder hues of an unfamiliar Gaelic revival the average citizen is wholly suspicious. The Marquis de Soveral in a cashmere shawl would not cause more wonderment. But Lord Ashbourne is anything but ashamed. He regards his accession to the barony with the satisfaction of one who sees further scope given to his efforts as a dress-reformer. It is not by colour alone, however, that the Irish kilt will astonish the capital. The Scots kilt is, we all know, accordion-pleated. The Irish is not. It cannot be neatly flattened, and a petticoat-like effect follows. The Highlander has learned the art of sitting down so as—so to say—further to press and iron out his folds; the Irishman has not.

Count Albert's Company. Dinners at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy have a character of their own. The most cosmopolitan of all such events, they are always largely attended by the people who have made alien names sound as homely in the ears of the Londoner as Jack Robinson's. When Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-



TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY HOLMES BENNETT; LIEUTENANT MALBY DONALD BROWNLOW, R.N., OF KENLEY.

Photograph by Swaine.



LADY VICTORIA A. WYNN-CARRINGTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. NIGEL W. H. LEGGE-BOURKE WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 3.

Lady Victoria Alexandrina Wynn-Carrington is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, and was born in 1893. She was a train-bearer to Queen Mary at the Coronation.

Photograph by Lattie Charles.



TO MARRY SIR ROBERT WALKER, Bt., ON JUNE 5; MISS SYNOLDA THURSBY - PELHAM.

Sir Robert succeeded his father as fourth Baronet in 1900, when he was ten. He is in the Coldstream Guards.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



MR. NIGEL W. H. LEGGE-BOURKE, OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LADY VICTORIA A. WYNN-CARRINGTON WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 3.

Mr. Legge-Bourke is the son of Colonel the Hon. Sir Henry C. Legge, brother of the Earl of Dartmouth. He was born in 1889. He was a Page of Honour to King Edward VII.

Photograph by Langfieri.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Bonnets are Not Allowed."

If you choose, one evening, to examine your theatre tickets exhaustively, you will still find printed on some of them the strange legend: "Bonnets are not allowed," as who should say, "Stone hatchets must not be taken into the stalls," or, "Pikes are prohibited in the pit." In certain playhouses conventions as hoary as these weapons still flourish, to the amazement of modern audiences. The scenery is still of the cardboard, semi-realistic type peculiar to mid-Victorian times; an inferior band plays dreadful airs between the acts, the actors get their laughs in the same distressing fashion in which their grandfathers proceeded; the play is too often an adaptation from the French. There are pert chambermaids, hypocritical valets, gay widows, rascally lawyers, "strong, silent men," and women with pasts. The mental atmosphere of such theatres is curiously depressing and vitiated, as if no breath from the outer world of progress, of endeavour, ever entered. It is as if the audience still consisted of ladies who arrived in bonnets firmly tied under the chin. You are stifled by nineteenth-century conventions and platitudes, and only await the psychological moment when the heroine is told to be "thankful for a good man's love." What the managers never seem to envisage is the truth that the public craves for change, for a fresh presentation of life upon the stage, for a new way of rousing their curiosity and appealing to their sense of beauty. The device of the platform down the centre of the stalls is a case in point. It is as ordinary, nowadays, as the stage behind the footlights, but it created a furore when it was introduced in "Sumurun," and caused hundreds to flock to the theatre where this new thing had been imagined. We live in an age of new inventions, and the theatre, above all, cannot be allowed to become an ivy-clad survival of an antique past.

London Puts on Her Finery.

There is no town in the world which so deliberately puts on finery as London at the beginning of the season. The whitewashers and painters are allowed to do their wicked will; one pictures the Rangers of the Parks feverishly conveying thousands of potted flowers to be interred therein; the shops are a spectacle in themselves; and every householder in the more modish portions of the town tries to outvie the other with dazzling window-boxes, with hanging baskets, and with festal garlands. The great flower-shows which are so marked a feature now of May and June are the supreme expression of this vernal love of finery. Even in London the gardens are delicious. I sat in one the other day which could give points to many a country one, so smooth and plush-like was the lawn, so vivid and abundant were the rosy tulips, the splendid purple irises, and the humble but glowing wallflowers. It is amazing what can be done in a London garden with goodwill, hard work, and vigilant sousing, even without a lavish expenditure. And the people who have made even tiny gardens fine are rewarded a thousand-fold when the hot weather arrives. These green trees and smooth lawns are a refuge

from the turmoil of the town, and can even be utilised for festal purposes.

Pity the Poor Millionaire.

One wonders if all super-wealthy persons have such a poor time of it, socially, as the millionaire in Baron Henri de Rothschild's play? Surely they might find, among persons wealthier than themselves, a disinterested friend or lover who "loved them for themselves alone"? Perhaps that is why *les grandes fortunes épousent les grandes fortunes*—a proceeding which, however, must tend to aggravate the sad case of the unnecessarily wealthy man. Yet, as the man of money is often, like Count Sorbier in the play, a Sentimentalist, he must choose, as his wife, a Young Person with even more overflowing coffers than himself, or else be in doubt of her disinterested affection all his married life. And it is certain that the Cræsus of M. de Rothschild's imagining goes the wrong way to work to make (or keep) his friends. He distributes cheques and costly presents right and left, but accompanied by such scathing contempt as should have emptied the room and scattered his well-born beggars to the four winds. In a word, he allows himself to be "squeezed," and there is no operation so destructive to friendship. The man who has the grit and acumen to make (or even to preserve) his millions would be a better judge of character, he would show a nicer discrimination in his choice of acquaintances, would surround himself with persons who were above the reproach of venality. There is a remedy, it would seem, even for the sorrows of the multi-millionaire.

The Peri at the Gate.

I do not think the imperturbable, serene egotism of our modern youth is ever so naively displayed as in those quaint notices which appear from time to time in our leading newspapers in which the advertiser cries to heaven and the world at large to be "adopted"—of course, by wealthy persons. Sometimes it is an impecunious orphan who makes this pathetic appeal to the Unknown; at other times you may see an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge clamouring for sympathy and help. And nearly always do these innocent young gentlemen imply that they are charming and eminently deserving of the patronage of the wealthy. I think that England is the only country which could produce this curious flower of civilisation—the young man of education who sets out to beg for his livelihood. No one has ever seen such an advertisement put forth by a girl of a like age. Woman's modesty and sense of humour would not permit her to make so fantastic an appeal to the general public; she would, in similar circumstances, probably take the extreme course of looking for work. Not so our charming, airy, and irresponsible youth, who is quite aware of his potential right to be what the poet dubbed all well-born youths—namely, "the Princes of Pleasure." This, he thinks, is his birthright, and he is willing to go to great lengths to come into his kingdom.



FRESH FROM PARIS: GOWNS OF GRACE.

The gown on the left-hand figure is made of Rose-Dubarry-coloured charmeuse, the epaulettes being of white tulle and the cloak of violet charmeuse, lined with black. The right-hand figure is seen in a black-satin draped skirt and white mousseline-de-soie bodice; the tunic is formed with a pointed jet motif from which hangs a heavy bead fringe.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 11.

THE MARKET POSITION.

IT is impossible to write these Notes without making some reference to the dismal state of business on the Stock Exchange and to its primary causes—namely, the extraordinary rush of new issues and consequent tightness of money. The subject has been dealt with by nearly every financial writer and with remarkable unanimity, so we need not refer to it at any length. It is perfectly clear, however, that it cannot continue at this rate very much longer, and we are glad to note that some of the largest underwriting houses are doing all they can to discourage further borrowing for the time being. The banks also are doing something towards reducing facilities, which is not surprising in view of the amount of bonds which are pawned with them while waiting for a permanent home.

The position on the Continent is much the same, and, in addition, the direct financial effects of the war are being felt severely in Vienna and Berlin.

Mines have their own troubles to bear, and nearly every department is in the same plight; even Home Rails are suffering from fears of further labour troubles.

Everything looks very uncertain for the moment, and a cautious attitude is advisable, but we regard the outlook as satisfactory, and, given a respite from the present incessant borrowing, we think there should be a general recovery in prices before very long.

EGYPT.

Egyptian securities have been neglected for so long that we hardly like to recommend shares of this group as speculative purchases, but, on the other hand, the position is undoubtedly rapidly improving, and there are one or two Companies which appear to have more than a little attraction at current quotations.

The White Paper containing Lord Kitchener's report, which was issued a week or so ago, attracted very little attention, but contained distinct promise of better things to come.

It is a little early to get any reliable estimate of the coming cotton crop, but there seems no doubt that it will be even larger than that ginned last year.

At the meeting of the Mortgage Company of Egypt, Viscount Milner made some interesting remarks on the general condition of business in Egypt. Among other things, he said: "In my opinion, the outlook is encouraging. The Nile flood last summer was exceedingly low, and in old times that would have meant disaster. But the changes which have been effected in the system of irrigation . . . now enable us to contemplate even a very poor flood with comparative equanimity. In other directions also, as, for instance, in combating the cotton-worm and in providing for a better selection of seed . . . the activity and vigilance of the Government have contributed to the improvement of agricultural conditions. It is true that business throughout Egypt is generally dull at the present time . . . but politically the country is now quite calm. At the same time, the wreckage left by the financial crisis of 1907 has pretty well been got out of the way, and the ground is clear for the resumption of activity on a sounder basis. Humanly speaking, there seems every reason to anticipate a gradual all-round improvement in Egyptian business."

We still consider that Egyptian Salt and Soda are the most attractive share in this group, but several others, such as Delta Lands and Delta Light Railways, also look cheap. But a buyer must pay for them, put them away, and wait in patience until there is a general revival.

AMERICAN RAILWAY DEFAULT.

The news that the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway has had to agree to the appointment of a receiver had a depressing effect upon the whole American Market at the end of last week. The railway had been doing better in gross traffics for the first nine months of the current year, but for some little time it has been known that there were difficulties over the renewal of certain short-term notes, part of which mature immediately and part in the autumn. This is the immediate cause of the receivership, which is therefore less disquieting, and can be mainly ascribed to the exceptional conditions now ruling in the Money Markets of the world, and especially on the other side of the Atlantic.

In view of these facts, the general opinion is that the receivership will not last very long, and although a reorganisation will be necessary, it is not likely to necessitate any very serious sacrifice on the part of either bondholders or stockholders.

The railway is known over here through two issues of bonds—namely, the 4 per cent. Refunding Mortgage Gold Bonds and the 5 per cent. General Lien Gold Bonds, which were issued about four years ago under the auspices of Messrs. Speyer Brothers, and we now understand that this firm are taking all possible steps to protect the interests of holders of this issue.

It is, of course, possible that a too optimistic view is taken of the situation over here, but until further information is available in two or three weeks' time, we should not advise bondholders to sacrifice their holdings at present levels.

HOLBROOKS, LTD.

We have recommended the shares of this concern to several correspondents who were looking for a high-yielding Industrial investment, and the Report for 1912-13, which has just appeared, more than confirms our good opinion. The profit amounted to £38,093, as compared with £29,400 in the previous year. The Ordinary shares get a dividend of 20 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent., which is the same as a year ago; £9000 goes to the reserve fund, and £4521 is carried forward.

The Company's capital consists of £70,000 5 per cent. Cumulative £5 Preference shares and 80,000 £1 Ordinary shares, while there are £99,000 4½ per cent. Debentures at present outstanding.

The financial position, as shown in the balance-sheet, is an eminently satisfactory one. Freehold properties stand at £122,455, while £35,145 cannot be considered an excessive figure for goodwill, trade marks, etc., since it represents rather less than one year's profits. Gilt-edged investments at market value and cash together total £62,250.

The Company is well managed by people who know the business thoroughly, and the export trade continues to grow each year. The shares are not always easy to acquire, but the yield is high, and we consider the shares very well secured.

MISCELLANEA.

In spite of Mr. Mackenzie's repeated denials that the Canadian Northern were in need of money, it is now stated that the Canadian Government have been persuaded to grant largely increased subsidies, amounting to nearly £3,000,000, to the railway in return for a block of Common stock. In view of the present condition of the Money Market, the Canadian Northern are to be congratulated.

Lead has been a very strong market since March, in spite of the fact that supplies have been coming forward pretty freely. The present quotation of £20 per ton is the highest for some time past, and compares with £16 5s. at the end of February. Everything points to a continuance of the improvement during the next few months, and the outlook for Broken Hill shares and other producers of this metal is distinctly hopeful.

The Report of the Canadian Wheat Lands Company is not an inspiring document, but this was to be expected after the failure of the Southern Alberta Company's irrigation scheme, and we see not the slightest prospect of any benefit being derived from these works for the next few years, if ever. It is suggested that the Company should attempt to get the dividend guarantee extended by the Southern Alberta Company, but this is not likely to come to anything, as the plight of the shareholders of this latter concern is such that they are unlikely to be generous.

The Chilean Northern Railway Debentures offered last week at 96 met with a very poor response from the public, and the underwriters had to take about 85 per cent. of the issue. The result is that the Debentures are quoted at 2 discount, and we strongly advise a purchase at this figure. We consider these Debentures an excellent investment, and fully expect the price to recover before long.

The success of the issue of Troitzk Railway 4½ per cent. Bonds was a welcome exception to the long list of recent failures, but the terms were so attractive that it is hardly to be wondered at. The Anglo-Russian Trust are to be congratulated.

The Report of the International Harvester, Ltd., which appeared last week, showed that the Company had had a very prosperous year. After paying 7 per cent. on the Preferred stock and 5 per cent. on the Common, 8,196,000 dols. were added to the accumulated surplus, bringing that fund up to over 30,000,000 dols. The surplus on the year represents a further 10 per cent. on the 80,000,000 dols. of Common stock.

The Preferred stock is therefore very well secured, and offers a high return at the current quotation of about 118. We think it should gradually appreciate in value.

The Sheffield carters' strike is, we fear, a more serious matter than is generally realised. The Great Central Railway state that they are unable to get goods delivered at that station, and in many cases goods consigned to that town are being held back in London.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"One swallow doesn't make a summer," said the clerk in a pessimistic tone.

"A week of this weather makes a very tolerable imitation, all the same," was the rejoinder; "and it *might* still be fine when you go for your holiday."

(Continued on page 288)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Fair Affair. One of the big things of the season will be the Noah's Ark Fair at the Royal Albert Hall on June 11 and 12. It is under the immediate patronage of Queen Alexandra, and on the second day the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, and Princess Patricia of Connaught will visit it. Concerned with creature comforts to be served on the platform are Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the lovely Lady Chesterfield, pretty, dainty Lady Clementine Waring, beautiful Lady Muriel Willoughby; and among the smart young men who will wait upon the fair are Prince Paul of Servia, Prince Obelenski, and Count Elston. Sweetmeats from many countries will be sold by Lady Henry, the Marchioness of Dufferin, Lady Glenconner, Lady Evelyn Eyre, and pretty little Lady Victoria Pery. Head-gear *tout-à-fait à la mode* will be shown by the Countess of Northbrook, the tall, fair Marchioness of Linlithgow, the *chic* Marchioness Douro, the handsome and effective Countess of Stradbroke, the picturesque Hon. Aurea Baring, and other ladies who, as millinery experts, are not to be surpassed. The Hon. Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce will preside over the fortunes of Aunt Sally. The Countess of Londesborough, with many well-known and pretty people, will sell novelties and useful things in leather. It would require all my space to set forth a quarter of the attractions and fun of the fair. To plagiarise (with variations) the dictum of a prominent politician: "Come and see!"

A Show of Antiques. Nothing is more esteemed of us moderns than antiques. Consequently, so up to date and enterprising a firm as Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore and Welbeck Street, make a feature of annual exhibitions and sales of old embroideries and curios. It is now in progress, and the collection is one of great interest, containing beautiful Elizabethan, Stuart, Sicilian, early seventeenth-century and Queen Anne panels, superb Jacobean embroidered hangings, oval Georgian embroidered pictures with faces painted on silk, and Italian sixteenth-century embroidery. There are also some fine pieces of furniture, and much old brocade of delightful colour and design or piano-covers, curtains, chair-covers, and settee-covers. The old filet lace, Sicilian drawn-thread lace, and old Greek lace for cushion-covers, side-board cloths, tea-cloths, etc., are full of fascination to the expert. There are delightful old silhouette portraits, and there is a Queen Anne doll,



CARPET CROQUET: THE DUKE OF ST. KITTS (MR. G. ST. JOHN LOBB) EXPOUNDS THE GAME TO ANGELA MUIR (MRS. ALEXANDER ALSTON) AND THE HON. ARCHIBALD VYSE (MR. GEOFFREY CAMPBELL), IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE."

seated in a Queen Anne chair, every detail of whose costume is correct to the period, and is in capital preservation.



MAKING IT UP AGAIN: VIOLET AYNLEY (THE HON. FAITH DAWNAY) AND LORD ROBERT WYCKHAM (MR. HAROLD WHITAKER) RECONCILED AFTER A QUARREL, IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE"

The Identity of the Peeress. Which, what, who of all our Peeresses has been frequenting

with her young girl charges—oh, fie!—balls whereat the grotesque dances of negro saloons have been performed? These dances are to be found in London; but even the newest or the most advanced peeress would have to go a little out of her beat to find them. After supper at a subscription fancy-costume ball, when people are not themselves—possibly in more ways than one—at houses where young people know no restrictions and get rid of their elders when they give dances, or dress them up and set them down to bridge; at houses where the host receives and the hostess has a convenient illness and goes to bed; at certain clubs given up to dances and to fun (?) at any cost, these romping, rollicking, posturing, and otherwise objectionable dances can be found. A peeress who knew her way about would need no guidance from her invitation-card to avoid these places of entertainment. At dances given by ten out of twelve London hostesses, her charges

will encounter nothing worse than the innocent and pretty two-step, sometimes the rather silly and not pretty one-step. The Tango is the rage in Paris; but all Paris fashions do not live in London, and if they did, the Tango is a delightful measure danced properly. Young men and maidens do, nowadays, actually condescend to learn new dances: they do not go through life with the terpsichorean lore imbibed in their earliest years. The Queen has all her children taught to dance; so far, they have specialised patriotically in Irish jigs, Scotch reels, and the dances in vogue in British ball-rooms other than those patronised by the anonymous Peeress; if, however, they were going to visit foreign Courts, we may be sure they would study the national dances of the country in use at such Courts. If only that young people are once more interested in dancing well, we should be glad of the introduction of new measures. Those of grotesque character and absurd name have attraction only for sensuous, senile, and vulgar minds, of the possessors of which there is a fairly strong contingent in every community; it is best left to itself, which is quite easily done, since everybody knows it and its haunts.

A Cruiser's Furniture. Most of those people who love old furniture and old things generally know the Furniture and Fine Arts Depositories of Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N., in which some extraordinary finds have been made. Many remarkable pieces have fallen into the hands of this firm, and are re-sold by them at very moderate prices. They have now undertaken the complete furnishing of the cruiser built for the Imperial Services Exhibition. They have an exhibit of their genuine antique and other high-class furnishings, etc., at Stands 18, 19, and 20, which occupy the entire length of one end of the Ducal Hall at Earl's Court.



A CHARITY PERFORMANCE OF "A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT KING'S HALL, COVENT GARDEN: LADY SYLVIA BOWLBY (THE HON. MRS. ANDERSON) AND VIOLET AYNLEY (THE HON. FAITH DAWNAY) TAKING COFFEE.

Two performances of "A Country Mouse" were given on May 29 and 30, in the King's Hall, Covent Garden, by a distinguished amateur company in aid of the Victoria League. The production was arranged by the Hon. Faith Dawnay, the youngest daughter of Viscount Downe. She also took a leading part in the play, that of Violet Aynley. The Hon. Mrs. Anderson, who appeared as Lady Sylvia Bowlby, is the only daughter of Lord Hothfield. "A Country Mouse" is a satirical comedy by Mr. Arthur Law.

Photographs by C.N.

Continued from page 286.

"The heat doesn't seem to buck business up very much," said the senior partner.

"All depends on what you call business," replied the clerk. "I hear the barley-water merchants are doing a roaring business."

"This new-issue rush is enough to bother markets," said Harry; "but I did think the Chilean Northern Debentures would go."

"Don't you worry; they'll come all right before long."

"And the Brazilian Loan at 2 discount?"

"It looks as though we shall have to alter our basis of valuation altogether," said the senior partner. "There are so many things about which look cheap that I begin to wonder whether they aren't all dear."

"The Chinese Loan keeps pretty firm at one premium," said Harry. "I suppose the premium is quite genuine, isn't it?"

"I asked my broker the very same question yesterday," replied the clerk, "and his answer was that you could sell any amount you liked, so I suppose it's all right; but somehow—"

"We've all got that sort of feeling about it," said the senior partner; "but I believe it's a fair speculative holding."

"Oh, yes; the only thing is you might be able to get in cheaper later on."

The still-more-senior partner, who had taken no part in the discussion up to this time, suddenly ceased whistling and asked the last speaker whether he'd still got his Shells.

"Of course I have; they're the finest holding I've got."

"Think you'll get 35 per cent.?"

"I don't see why not; and I hope to get a bonus from a new issue before very long."

"Anything new in Nigerians, Harry?" asked the still-more-senior partner.

But Harry had been ragged too often that way. "I was telling a lady about them the other day," he replied, with a smile, "and she suddenly turned round and said, 'Don't, I Bisichi.'"

"H'm," said the clerk. "I read that joke in *The Sketch* months ago. What did you do about it?"

"Oh, I Berrida," said Harry; "and I shouldn't mind doing the same for my friend in the corner."

"It's all very well to chip Harry," said the senior partner, when the former had fled, "but some of these Tin things do look like going better."

"They're certainly more lively than the rest of the Mining Markets, although that's not saying much," replied the still-more-senior partner.

"Oh, I say," said the clerk to the latter, "a man came in to see

you to-day and will come in again on Wednesday—I said I was sure that would suit you."

"Well, it won't, I'm afraid; I've got an important meeting on."

"Summer meeting, I suppose"—and, in spite of a most discouraging frown, the clerk wished him luck, and advised him to save on Radiant, whatever else he backed.

Saturday, May 31, 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YAHA (India).—(a) The shares are quoted 6d. to 1s. (b) We can get no price. We fear both are hopeless propositions. It is possible that there may be a revival of interest in (a), when you should sell.

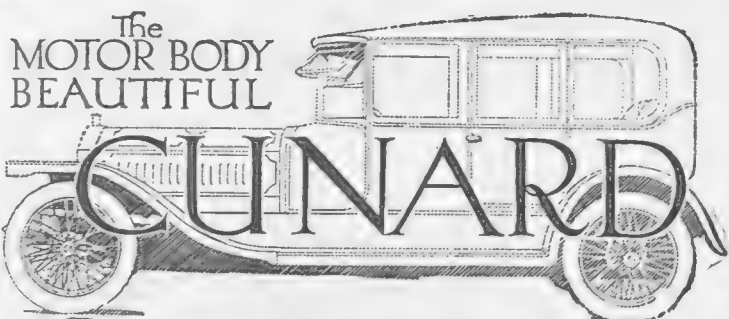
D. P. H.—We suggest the new Chilean Northern Railway Debentures, San Paulo loan; or, if you prefer it, Great Central 1891 Preference.

C. R. M.—We think you could find a more attractive holding in the same market—say, Unions or Atchison—both of which have, in our opinion, better prospects than the stock you hold.

C. S.—(1) A very undesirable holding. (2) Fair. (3) A gamble, not an investment. Sell No. 1 in any case, and No. 3 also unless you are a rich man.

TED.—The quotation has certainly been disappointing, but the position is steadily improving, and, unless you need the money, you should hold on.

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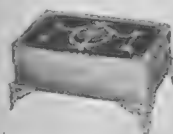
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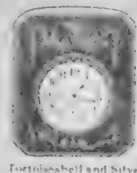
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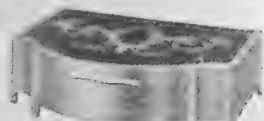
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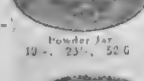
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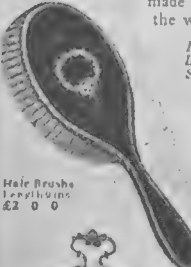
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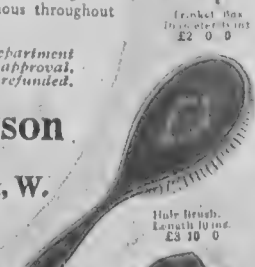
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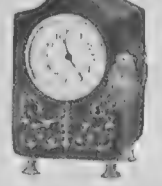
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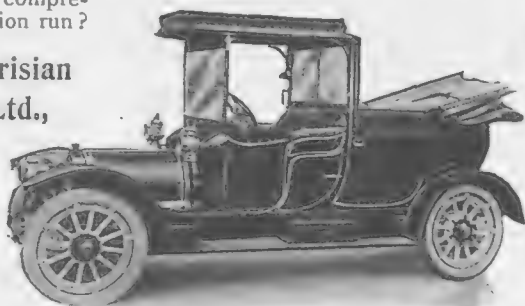
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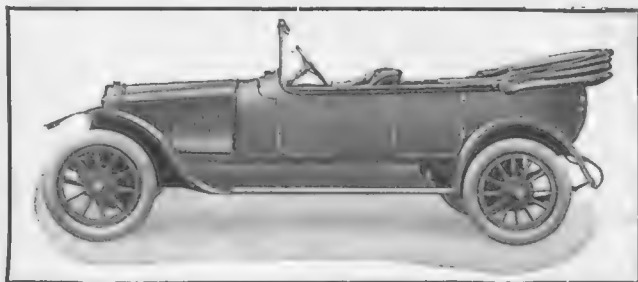
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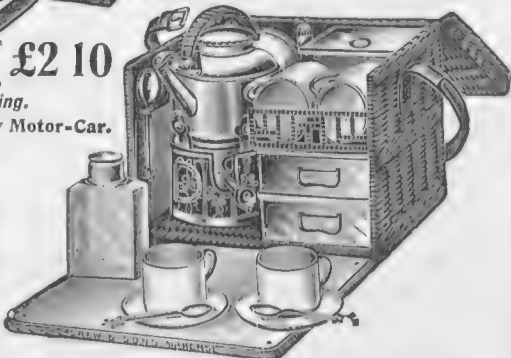
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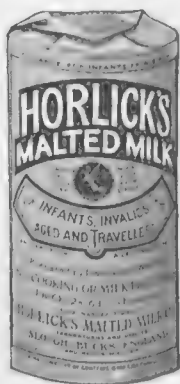


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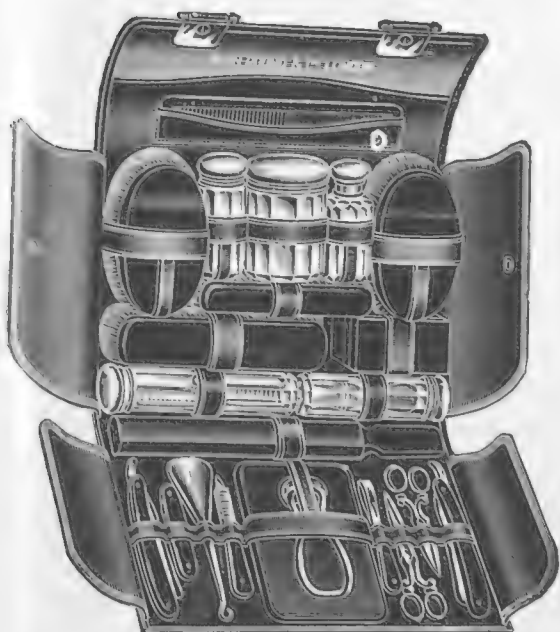
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"WITHIN THE LAW" is not, perhaps, exactly the kind of play that one expects at the Haymarket, for although some parts of it were quite nicely wrapped up, nobody will suggest that it is not melodrama. But it is very well written—in fact, the construction is ingenious, the dialogue excellent, while it starts on a note of real, sincere drama. The severest of the "high-brow" critics will admit that it makes an excellent entertainment, quite thrilling in its simple if complicated way, and truly amusing in the comic scenes. So the new trinity—Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Michael Faraday—are likely to get a real success out of the work cleverly adapted by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Arthur Wimperis from the American play of which the author is Mr. Bayard Veiller. Perhaps some people will be a little disappointed at not learning rather more about the devices by which the criminal association which figures in it earned lots of money without infringing the criminal law, and without, apparently, indulging in company-promotion or finance. The play presents London with a new leading lady—or rather, establishes the position of one in the Metropolis—for Miss Edyth Goodall acted very finely in what one may call a Lena Ashwell character. Moreover, Miss Mabel Russell, from the musical-comedy stage, had a well-merited triumph in a soubrette part. These ladies rather put the men in the shade, but there were many excellent performances.

For its second production, the Little French Theatre gave "Le Secret de Polichinelle," at the Little Theatre. English playgoers are acquainted with M. Pierre Wolff's comedy, produced under the name of "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket in 1905, and rather quaintly injured by a concession to supposed British ideas of propriety. The Anglo-French Society, of course, gave the play as it was written, and the performance of the somewhat sentimental comedy, if rather uneven, was of considerable merit. The best piece of acting was that of Mlle. De Nys, as the mother of the young hero—a part played in England by Miss Carlotta Addison. The French actress, popular over here on account of her charming *causeries*, acted in a sincere, delightful, refined style. Of the rest, one may single out for praise Mme. Carène, who was excellent as Mme. Santenay, and Mlle. Agathe, who represented very agreeably the character of the heroine, played over here by Miss Jessie Bateman.

In the kind of game of post played lately in the theatres, "Eliza Comes to Stay" has found a new home, and is now to be seen at the New Theatre. The entertaining comedy still commands the services

of the original Eliza in the person of Miss Eva Moore, who represents quite delightfully the country girl whose transformation into a fascinating town lady is the basis of the play. Mr. H. V. Esmond, the author, is still in the cast, and, as author, may well be content with his work as actor. Mr. Eric Lewis and Miss Carlotta Addison also act irresistibly.

Since Mr. Frederick Ross had to leave "The Yellow Jacket" in order to come "Within the Law," the Chorus, which he played admirably, had to find another representative. Who so suitable as Mr. Rutland Barrington, blandest and most quietly persuasive of actors? The old Savoyard, of course, was quite at home in the character—which has something of a Gilbertian flavour—and delighted the house by his quiet, placid, unforced humour, which caused roars of laughter, and is in happy contrast with the droll, clever work of Mr. Holman Clark as "the Property Man." Altogether, there is an admirable performance of one of the most agreeable novelties presented in London for a long time.

What a to-do at His Majesty's in the combination of music and drama that is not music-drama! And how the purists howl! Certainly it was bold to give us, under the title of "The Perfect Gentleman," a version of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," with the omission of the plot and three important characters, and in place to offer a burlesque German opera which M. Jourdain watches as Christopher Sly watched "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Maugham's neat version of Molière's famous play was quite amusing, and enabled Sir Herbert to give a funny piece of broad character. Mr. Byford played the Master of Philosophy excellently. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry looked splendid as the Marquise, but had little to do; and Mr. Merivale was an excellent Dorante. The "Ariadne in Naxos" is not to be criticised in a paragraph. Its amazingly ingenious music, full of esoteric humours, was rather far above the head of the man in the stalls. And the learned seem rather baffled by it. Still, everyone enjoyed some of it.

In a French farce called "Oh, I Say!" at the Criterion, Mr. James Welch celebrates his return to town. It is indeed a very French farce of a most familiar type—all doors and frocks and jokes which take their savour from the fact that it is a married couple's first evening together, and the best man has to pretend to be the bridegroom, and the bridegroom has to prevent the meeting of his bride and his former mistress, in whose flat the honeymoon is, by accident, to be spent. Mr. Welch worked valiantly, and did his best for it; and Miss Marguerite Scialtiel, Miss Sybil de Bray, and Miss Ruby Miller all looked very splendid; but it was but sorry stuff for the celebration of Mr. Welch's return.

At the Dance.



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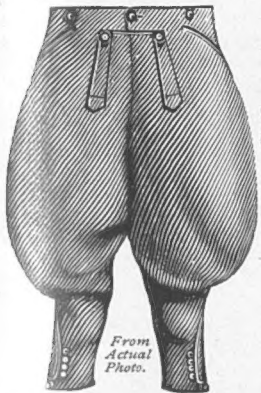
£1000 INSURANCE. See page f.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Miss Ida Crispi; In Rotten Row; "Faust" in Japan; The Peacock Dress; Viscountess Curzon; Miss Gertie Millar; Ladies o. "A Fête at Versailles"; Miss Marjorie Hamilton; M. Pierre Vladimiroff and Mlle Lydia Kyasht; the Duke of Westminster; the Amateur Golf Championship.

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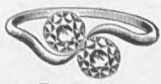
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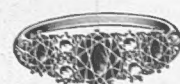
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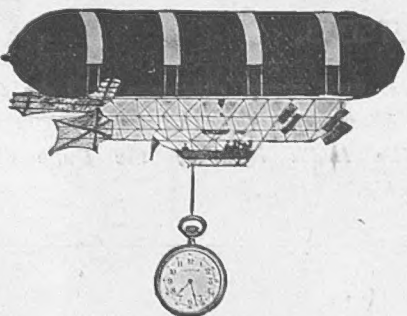
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

TO hear Caruso in "Aida" is to wonder why the authorities did not elect to give this opera on the night of his reappearance, for it is clear that Verdi's masterpiece gives the popular tenor the chance for sustained effort that such a short work as "Pagliacci" cannot afford. Although "Aida" has been heard at Covent Garden before with Caruso and Destinn, Kirkby Lunn and Scotti, it has never made quite the same effect upon the audience, and the fact that it has already been given three times is sufficient to show the attraction of the cast. There are, of course, many who hold that Verdi is at his very best in "Aida," and if we consider the question from the standpoint of popular appeal, there can hardly be two opinions. Works like "Othello" and "Falstaff" have not been given sufficiently often to establish their claim upon London, they lack the popular touch; while "Aida" has something for everybody, and a spectacular side that reveals the resources of our National Opera House at their greatest and best.

Too late for notice this week, "Madame Butterfly" has been revived, and the festival performance of "Samson et Dalila" should have been given in honour of the veteran composer, Dr. Saint-Saëns. To-night (Wednesday) Melba is to sing in "La Traviata," and will doubtless succeed, as usual, in sustaining an interest in that extremely faded and over-sweetened work.

Very interesting was last week's performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna," which, considering it is a new work, and written to some extent in a modern idiom, has been uncommonly successful in capturing the public. Something, of course, and not a little, is due to the remarkably fine company that has interpreted it. Mme. Edvina and MM. Martinelli and Sammarco would lend distinction to any opera—all three on the vocal side, and one, at least, on the dramatic. But Wolf-Ferrari has not given us another "Secret of Suzanna" in his "Jewels of the Madonna"; he has taken a crude melodrama, in which his men and women seem to bask in the scorching Neapolitan sunlight, and his music is less a part of the work than an attractive but not quite indispensable addition to it. His first little opera, written with truly Mozartian felicity of thought and touch, is a gem of its kind; his "Jewels of the Madonna," on the other hand, has few gems save in the title. It is written to please rather than to live, and one cannot help thinking that when the existing musical taste, for which young Italy is responsible, has served its time, Wolf-Ferrari will be remembered best for his less ambitious but more enduring effort. At the same time, in the present

mood of the opera-goer, "The Jewels of the Madonna" is very acceptable, particularly when it is given under the conditions that obtain at Covent Garden. Signor Panizza made the most of the opera's melody, and its violence, which pleases the house, does nothing to offend the existing Italian tradition. It is only fair, too, that we should remember the perennial mood of the Covent Garden audience. It is out to be thrilled and stirred by the dramatic side of opera; but, above all, it desires to hear the finest singing that the management is able to command, and at present its wishes are being fulfilled to the uttermost. Whatever the operas—and some, of course, are very much better than others—all serve as a medium for superlatively fine singing of the kind that appeals to the normal man and woman who are in London just now to enjoy themselves. The rest does not matter, nor does the intrinsic worth of the music concern them. For their strenuous hours, if they have any, there are the concert-halls, where every musical theory under the sun is being exploited; but for sheer sensuous enjoyment there is nothing in this country to rival Grand Opera at Covent Garden between May and July; all London and all its cosmopolitan visitors understand this. It is well to remember that this taste for the more florid operatic music gives the more serious musician his one chance of hearing those great singers who must needs be attractive in any rôle.

"Pelleas and Melisande" is in rehearsal, and is to be given with M. Maguenat and Mme. Edvina in the name-parts, while the new conductor, M. Caplet, is likely to make his first appearance when the opera is revived. The opera has had a very hard struggle for existence in this country—there were whispers that subscribers had written in to protest when it was given for a second time, and nothing but the directors' strong faith in the beauty of the work could have availed to keep it before the public so long. It is to be hoped that the majority of opera-goers are now reconciled to the Debussy idiom, and that the rest are sufficiently pleased by the exquisite stage pictures to accept the music, even if they cannot love it. It is not an opera that makes an immediate appeal—so much may be conceded to the enemy—but it is a thing of infinite beauty, and will probably be flourishing when many works of the more strenuous and strepitous kind have been buried in the oblivion that will become them so well.

It is probable that "Romeo and Juliet" will be revived shortly for Melba; the name of the tenor is not yet public. It is extremely difficult to find a good Romeo, and the difficulty has often stood in the way of the production of Gounod's charming opera since Jean de Reszke ceased to sing.

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